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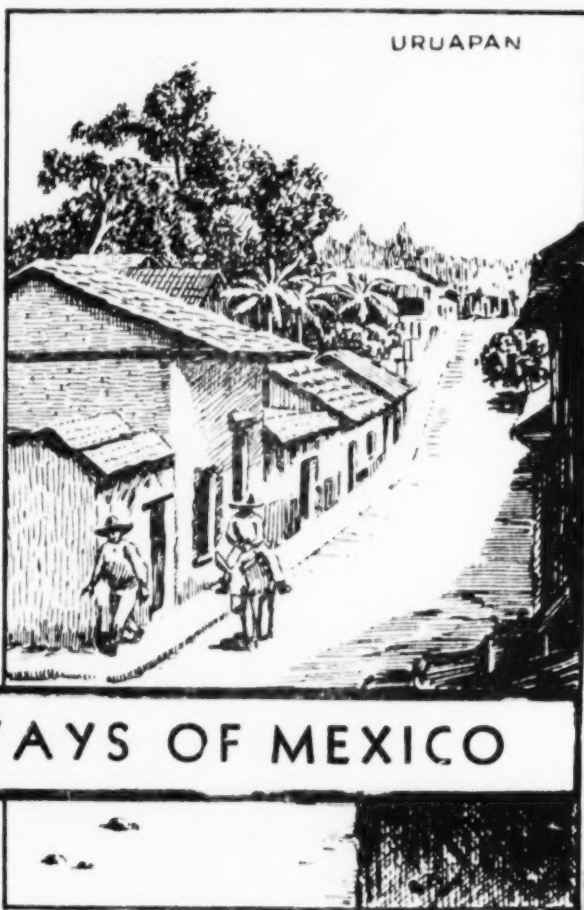
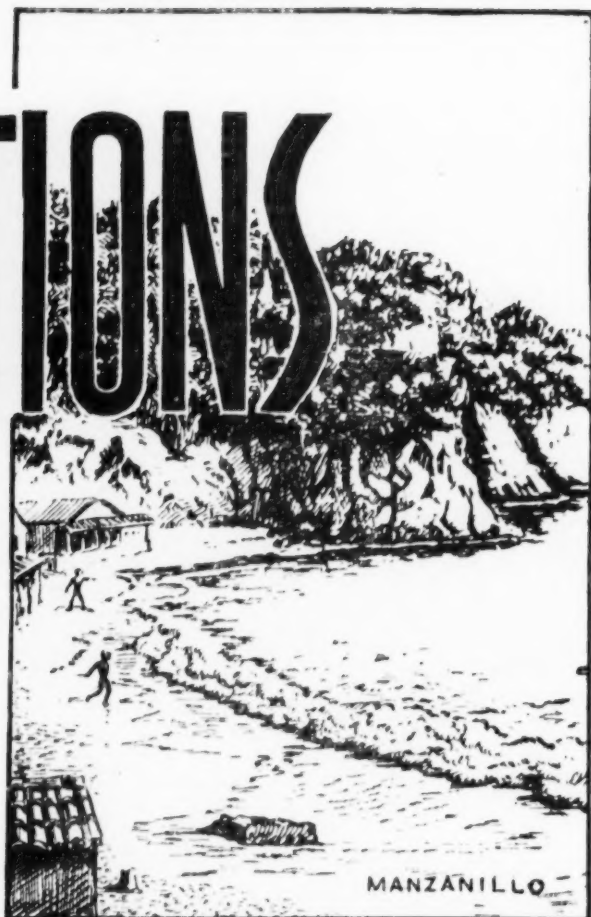
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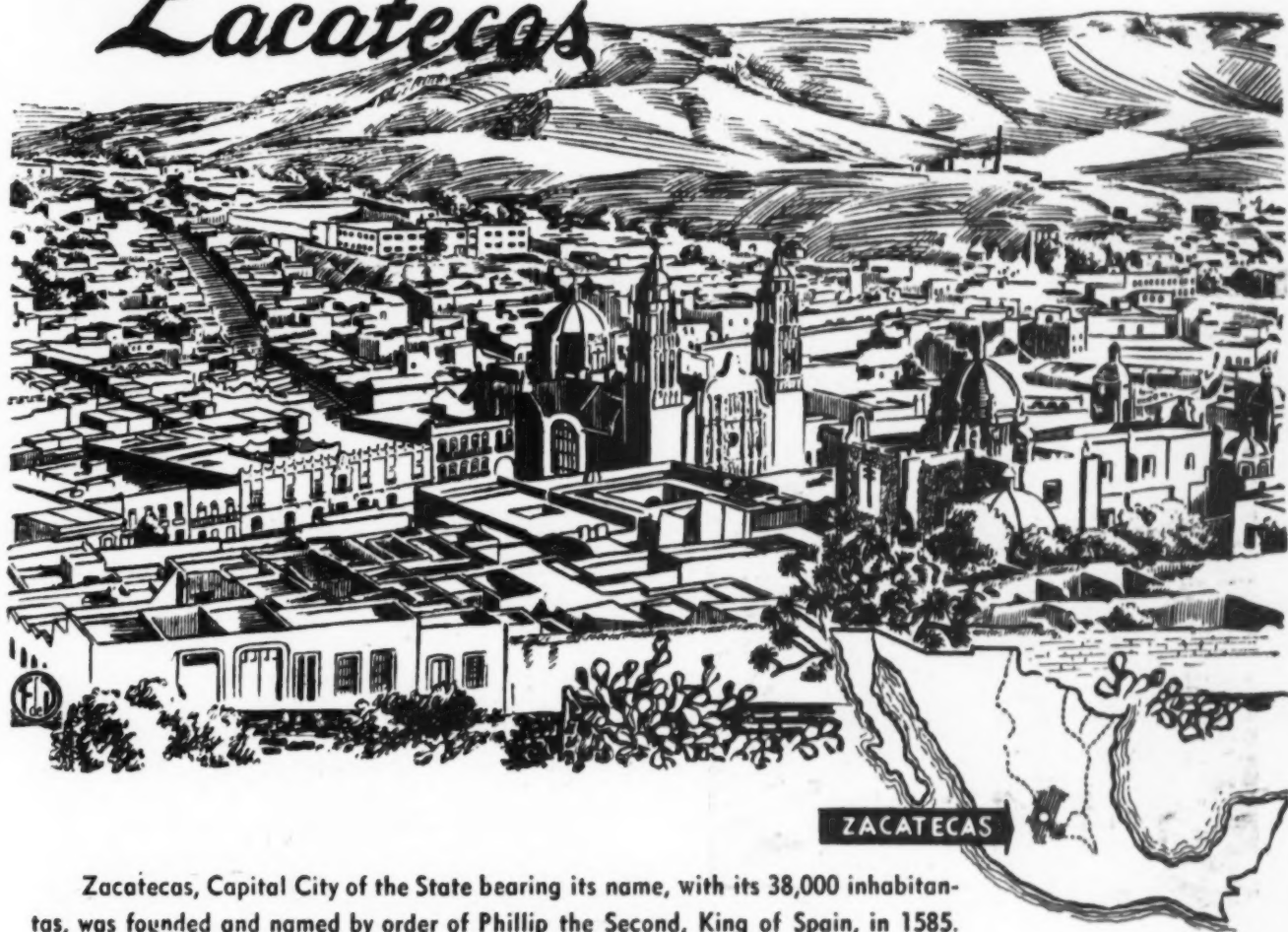
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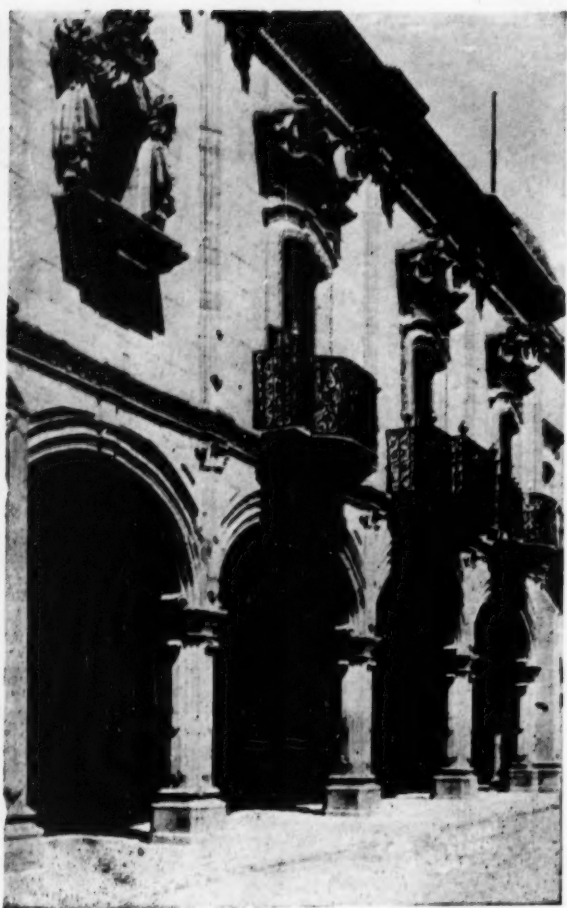
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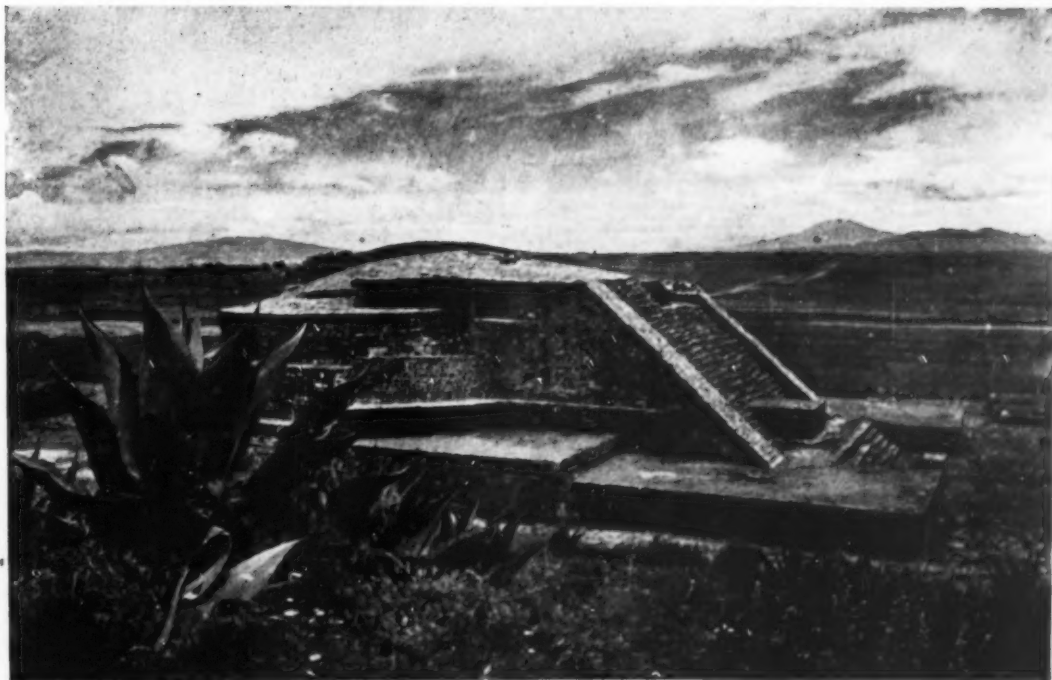
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HOWARD S. PHILLIPS

EDITOR

Project for Tourist Circuit around the Mexican Gulf

AMONG the major projects to be realized by the administration of President Ruiz Cortines is the creation of two extensive tourist circuits which will link by land and sea routes the countries surrounding the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. Formulated by Carlos Lazo, Minister of Communications and Public Works, and defining a spirit of international cooperation, this project will open new, vast and little known regions to the automobile traveler, and thereby produce incalculable material and cultural benefits not only for Mexico but for all the other countries comprising these circuits.

The geographic position of the mainlands and islands surrounding the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea forms two perfectly defined natural circuits which the project initiated by Mexico will with time convert into one of the most interesting travel itineraries in this hemisphere. The initial of these two projects, that of the Gulf of Mexico circuit, extending through the south-east of the United States to Cuba and Mexico, will be carried out in the near future. The second project—linking Mexico with Cuba, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador and Guatemala—will be undertaken upon the conclusion of the first.

The Gulf of Mexico circuit, with a total extension of 6,969 kilometers, comprises the following four sections: 1,856 kilometers through the territory of the United States, entirely constructed; 3,485 kilometers through Mexico, 80% constructed; 1,258 kilometers through the Island of Cuba, 90% constructed. These overland sections are to be connected over a comparatively short distance of 370 kilometers by sea-routes.

The following points form the circuit's section in United States territory: Laredo, San Antonio, Houston, Beaumont, New Orleans, Mobile, Jacksonville, Miami, and Key West. Of the 3,485 kilometers comprising the Mexican section of the circuit 2,799 are constructed. In other words, upon the completion of the remaining 686 kilometers now under construction, the traveler by automobile, entering at Nuevo Laredo, will be able to tour across the northern and central regions of Mexico to Mexico City, and thence southeast to Veracruz, Catemaco, Minatitlán, Villaher-

mosa, Macuspana, Palenque, Balancán, Escarenga, Champotón, Campeche, Merida, Valladolid and Puerto Juarez, at the tip of the Yucatán peninsula. From this point he will be ferried across a section of the Gulf to the port of La Fé on the southwestern coast of Cuba. Thereon he may continue north over a road traversing a large portion of the Island of Cuba as far as Havana, and again cross by ferry-boat a narrow section of the Gulf to Key West.

The creation of this circuit will enable the tourist from the United States to journey by automobile through some of the most spectacular areas on this hemisphere. It affords a visit in Havana, a city of undeniable charm and historical interest, and a journey across the picturesque interior of the Island of Cuba. The south-eastern states of Mexico traversed by this circuit contain one of the most interesting archaeological zones in the world in the majestic ruins of Chichen-Itzá, Uxmal, Palenque, Bonampak and Yaxchilán. The natural beauty of the lush tropical regions of Chiapas, Campeche, Tabasco and portions of Oaxaca may also be enjoyed along this projected route. The cities of Veracruz, Orizaba and Puebla along the gorgeously scenic route to Mexico City, each offer an abundance of attractions. While the link of the Pan American Highway from Mexico City affords an exploration of the country's endlessly varied interior regions.

Since the termination of this circuit requires the active cooperation of the countries which are geographically and economically bound by it, the project launched by Mexico calls for an international treaty whereby they will commit themselves to conclude the construction of necessary highways within a brief period of time. And since it is quite obvious that every country figuring in this circuit will be greatly benefited by it, the enactment of such a treaty should not meet with opposition.

In launching this project the government of Ruiz Cortines is not only proposing to lend a mighty impulse to tourist traffic, which even now provides the third largest source of national income, but also to create the means of a closer neighborhood among the nations of America.

Hairdresser

By Sylvia Martin

ELENA Lande is a beauty parlor operator without a beauty parlor. She is too independent to be happy in a salon, and not interested enough in business to have her own. What interests Elena is living, and enjoying it. So instead of having clients come to her, she goes to them, at her own leisure and convenience.

Elena is competent. She knows the latest shades of nail polish. She can copy the latest hair-do from the fashion magazines, or invent one for you. In her little suitcase she carries everything but a permanent-wave machine and a magazine rack. Her electric hair drier recently broke, and one of her male clients—yes, she has them too—is trying to repair it for her. In the meantime, the sun does as well.

But it is not her skill which makes her popular with both Mexicans and the foreign colony. Nor is it the recipes and the choice bits of gossip she carries from house to house. Her secret is that she is a hearty woman with a great store of earthy jokes, and no one appreciates them more than Elena. Shampoo, sea, and manœuvre with her mean an hour of undstrained laughter.

One of her favorite, more respectable jokes is this one:

Now, there were two hens, one American and one Mexican. The American hen said complacently, "I'm worth much more than you are."

"How is that?" asked the Mexican hen.

"My eggs fetch more than yours at the market."

As the Mexican hen was not impressed, the American took her to the market where a merchant was selling eggs. A customer came along. "How much?"

"Five centavos for the Mexican eggs, marchanta; ten centavos for the yanqui. The American eggs are larger."

"You see!" cried the American hen triumphantly.

Her Mexican friend shrugged. "The more fool you! I should rupture my womb for an extra five centavos?"

Elena also tells you all about her latest conquest, the man she happens to be living with. She would like to marry, of course—but only if she should find the perfect mate. Meanwhile, being all woman, she does not deprive herself. This sort of common-law marriage is quite general among the Mexican folk, whose women are often remarkably independent. A woman of the people goes unstigmatized for not being

Continued on page 60



CUERNAVACA LANDSCAPE. Oil.

By Dora Lust.



Oil.

By Jose A. Manroy.

Woman from the Hills

By Una G. Nichols

WHERE the valley ran down to the sea, three women stepped onto the great flat rock separating the land from the water. Hurling itself over the granite, a thundering surf drenched their skirts. Wind tore at their clothes.

With increasing alarm Petra scanned the ocean for the canoe in which her husband, Juan, had put to sea earlier in the day. Although several such canoes usually could be seen, not one was in sight. Fishermen always made for the shore as soon as a storm began to sweep in from the Pacific, near the tip of Baja California.

Petra remembered the deceptive calm of the blue water earlier that morning, the lazy roll of the surf. Now the sea was a gray devil racked by a gale.

She began to shiver although the day was warm. Drawing closer to Juan's mother, Maclovio, she exclaimed. "Ay de mi! If Juanito drowns, Madre, I shall die."

She saw Chata glance at her mother, and the look was full of meaning. Why did Juan's family always treat her as a stranger? All but his mother, who was warm and friendly. Although still trying to make friends with his father, Petra had little hope of success. The old fisherman ignored her. If only she could win his friendship, she was sure that the rest of the family would change toward her.

Maclovio's voice broke into her thoughts. "The Espinozas know the sea. They are the best fishermen round here."

"Our men can take care of themselves," Chata boasted. "Who knows? They may be in the next cove: it is a safer place to beach the canoe in rough weather."

Petra glanced at the steep cliff, the narrow trail winding upward, then at the women searching the water for the canoe. How could they stand so still and stare out to sea? If it were not for the baby who was due very soon now, she would scramble to the top and see if Juan were on the far side.

Chata broke a long silence. "If God is willing, they will soon return."

"Tired and hungry," Maclovio aded, "And here we stand, with no wood at home for the fire. Let us go." She turned toward the white sandy beach that curved out to sea.

They hurried to the northern end of the cove where driftwood, floating ashore on a strong current, was cast up on the sand at high tide. The tang of the sea was sharp in Petra's nostrils. Her breath was short. The surf broke with a roar louder than usual, and a gust flicked her with spindrift.

Juan had been out there only a little while ago. Where was he now? Was he safe in some cove as Chata believed, or had she been trying to bolster their courage and her own? Petra stumbled and would have fallen if Maclovio had not caught her arm and steadied her.

This land was as strange to her as Juan's people. She remembered with longing the hills she had left less than a year ago. She had gone with her family to the cactus forest, where every one flocked to harvest the ripe pitahayas, people from the mountains, from villages and from the seashore. Even hogs followed their owners from the tiny ranches in the valleys, their black and white bodies lean, their eyes eager. Soon, pink snouts were dripping with the red juice and fat bodies almost touched the ground.

From early morning until long after dark, laughter and gossip rang out everywhere. Friendships were revived and new ones formed. Working by her mother's side, Petra could not help her eyes straying to Juan. She noticed the slow sweet smile that crinkled the skin around his eyes, that he moved with an easy grace. She wove flowers in the shining black braids forming a coronet on her head and slipped on a dress that showed her slim figure.

Before long Juan was by her side and while her laughter mingled with his, he helped her fill her pail with the largest and sweetest pitahayas. When her family gathered round the campfire after dark, Juan sang songs of the region and others that his father had learned as a boy in far off Spain. The love that swept them together was all fire and flame and as demanding. As soon as the cacti were stripped of their fruit, Petra accompanied Juan to her new home by the sea.

The sea that might take him from her, she thought, as she followed the women to the cabins clustered on one side of the valley.

Maclovía paused on her threshold and smiled. "Enter," she said, "let us make dinner, and when the men come, we shall all eat together."

Chata pointed to the nearest cabin where three smiling little faces were framed in the window. "See?" she said, "and Alberto will be lying on the bed hungry. Another time, thank you."

Chata left, but Petra followed Maclovía into the one-room cabin. She placed wood on the coals and fanned them into a blaze, then filled the coffee-pot with water. She heard the pat, pat of Maclovía's hands shaping the masa into tortillas, but her ears were straining for the sound of a door opening, the scuff of men's feet. Instead, she heard the thin high wail of the wind and the muffled roar of the surf.

"Madre," Petra spoke hesitantly, "when you were young, did you too have fear of the storms?"

With a deft thumb and forefinger, Maclovía flipped over a tortilla cooking on top of the stove. When she looked up, her face had the serene look of one who has found happiness in rearing a large family. "My father was a fisherman. Always there were storms. And always we had to watch and wait for the return of our men."

Like me, Petra thought, wishing that Juan was safe at her side. All she wanted in life was Juan and the baby.

"Then you too have fear?" she asked.

"Yes, but when the men come, we forget. We are happy."

Suddenly she bent forward to listen and the tortilla she had been patting into shape, slipped from her hand unnoticed. Her face brightened. "The men!" she exclaimed.

The door opened and Juan stood in the entrance. Before Petra could take more than a step, his arm was round her. She saw the warm light in his eyes and the smile she loved on his face.

"Juanito mio!" Shivering violently, she clung to him. "I had such fear."

"Never fear for me, Petrina," he whispered.

Her eyes searched his face. She noticed the lines of weariness. She felt his clothes, sodden against her skin. Her heart and her breath began to race.

"I still have fear." Tears followed each other unheeded down her cheeks. "A devil hides in the sea, Juanito. Someday he may reach up and pull you down."

"Every day I am on the sea, and never have I seen one."

"Let us go to the hills," she urged. "It is safer to take gold from the earth than fish from the sea."

The smile left Juan's face, and he looked at her with an odd expression, as though he were really seeing her for the first time.

"Petra," Juan's father stood in the doorway. His voice had a deep sonorous tone like that of an old bell. "The Espinozas are fishermen, not *motes*."

"But fishermen drown!" She was shaking and her voice rose, high-pitched and broken. "I hate the sea! I hate it!"

She felt Juan catch her as she crumpled to the floor.

Later she heard voices, and knew that Maclovía was bending over the bed on which she lay.

Juan's father was speaking. "...a woman from the hills, her father a digger in the earth."

"It is the little one who comes," Maclovía said in a soothing voice. "He makes her to talk so."

"How can that be?"

"Who knows?"

"Juan and the five girls!" the old fisherman retorted. "Did they make you ask that I leave the sea?" After a brief silence he spat in contempt on the hard-earth floor. "What breed of men will I have as grandsons with such a woman for a mother?"

Petra opened her eyes. She saw the fisherman take a long swallow of coffee and wipe his mustache.

"Never will I be able to sit in the sun and watch an Espinoza take my place in the canoe," he muttered gloomily.

Maclovía stared at the floor and said nothing.

Shame sent the blood racing through Petra's veins. She thought with a stab of uneasiness, now even Juan's mother is not sure that I am a good wife for him. Her only son, too.

She stirred. Juan seated himself on the edge of the bed, concern showing in his eyes. "Mi vida, are you all right?"

"Yes, Juanito," she answered in a low voice. She felt the strength flowing back into her and added, "Take me home now, please."

As they started for the door, the old fisherman picked up the coffeepot. Watching the coffee flow into the cup, he said, "Tomorrow is the day we go to the village, Juan."

The younger man turned. "Yes, Padre," he answered, respect in his voice.

When the door closed behind them, Petra glanced uneasily at Juan. "It was fear for your safety, Juanito, that made me speak."

"Yes, Petrina. But my father comes from a long line of fishermen. He cannot understand."

"He likes the sea?" she asked in amazement. "Even when it is angry?"

"Why not?" Juan's face showed surprise. "And soon he will be growing old, and will need a grandson to take his place."

Petra drew in a quick breath. If their children did not like the sea, his people would now believe that she was to blame. And Juan? Would he gradually change, again look at her with the eyes of a stranger? She could not bear the thought. Long after he was sleeping by her side in the night, she lay awake remembering with painful sharpness every detail of the scene that afternoon. Sick with humiliation and worry, she thought that there was little chance of her winning them over now, least of all Juan's father.

* * *

In the morninig, after the men had left for the village and the wind began to wail around the cabin, her fears nagged her until even thoughts of the baby would not drive them away.

Continued on page 62



REWARDS OF STRIFE Mural Painting.

By Jose A. Monrey.

The Concept of Progress

By Torrie Clark Cal

ANY FAIR APPRAISALS of Mexico today must take into account first what the Mexicans themselves want and how they have determined to achieve it. The general attitudes on ends and means now prevalent in Mexican society may, in the aggregate, be termed its concept of progress. That concept may be formulated by sifting principles expressed in revolutionary pronouncements, the Constitution of 1917, the professed policies of subsequent federal administrations and statements by leaders of modern Mexican thought.

Mexico entered the twentieth century with a colonial economy, an authoritarian government, a stratified social order of privilege and peonage, and an imported intellectual life. The Madero Revolution, which disintegrated the rigidly brittle Diaz system, had, at the outset, only the limited political objective of reviving Juarez' earlier governmental reforms. No detailed economic and social program was offered to replace the outmoded Diaz pattern of national life, which even the revolutionaries did not fully realize was to be destroyed forever. Thus the Mexican Revolution had no clearly defined goal beyond political reform—no recognized body of theorists, no leading statesmen-philosophers—as did the French, American, and even the Russian, revolutions.

Madero's explosive book, *The Presidential Succession* in 1910, and his revolutionary pronouncement, the 'Plan of San Luis Potosi,' sought redemption almost exclusively in political reform. Madero would salvage Diaz' 30-year-old promise in the 'Plan of Tuxtepec': effective suffrage, no re-election. He would restore the democratic principles of Juarez' 1857 Constitution, which had grown out of the independence Constitution of 1824, itself a fusion of the ideas embodied in the French and American revolutions and the liberal Constitution of 1812.

Madero was not unaware of the social and economic ills of Mexico; but he was convinced their remedy must be evolutionary, a long-range consequence of the immediate task of political reform. Madero did advocate, and during his brief and chaotic adminis-

tration achieve the beginnings of, moderate social and economic reforms. These included return of stolen village lands, encouragement of small farm holdings, improved agricultural credit and methods; organization, collective bargaining and government support for better working conditions for labor, and development of public education. But a contributing factor to Madero's downfall was his failure to stress the urgency of material betterment. The Mexican Revolution's initial concept of progress was political.

The central land question—which helped enlist rural Mexico in revolutionary ranks—was raised earlier by a man whom the historian Parkes calls 'the intellectual father of agrarian reform,' Andres Molina Enriquez, in his 1909 work, *Los Grandes Problemas Nacionales*, 'The Great National Problems.' Zapata's 'Plan of Ayala,' impatient of Madero's cautious approach to that admittedly complex problem, foreshadowed the inclusion of wide-scale land redistribution as a realistic revolutionary goal. As Dr. Charles C. Cumberland's recent scholarly work confirmed, the Madero era was the genesis of social and economic revolution to come, but in itself it was essentially political.

The 1914 Carranza-Villa agreement added stronger social and economic overtones to revolutionary purpose. Besides promising abolition of 'pretorianism, plutocracy and clericalism,' it pledged democratic institutions, labor welfare, land reapportionment, and other means for 'financial emancipation of the peasant.'

As First Chief of the Revolution, self-appointed, Carranza in 1914 promised 'all laws and measures necessary to satisfy the economic, social, and political needs of the nation, effecting thereby such reforms as public opinion exacted as indispensable, to establish a regime which would guarantee the equality of all Mexicans.'

The Carranza decrees foreshadowed much of the ideology later written into the 1917 Constitution. They replaced the jefe politico—Diaz' local sub-dictatorship—with the 'free municipality,' abolished peonage, legalized divorce, set minimum wages and working

hours, outlawed child labor, launched educational projects, and instituted agrarian reforms. Actually the decrees were for the most part politically motivated, to gain popular support to meet the Villa military crisis, and their practical application was slight.

Nevertheless, the ideological development was significant. The Mexican people, not yet vocal enough in the mass for an expression of public opinion, were beginning to be told what they should want and how to get it. The stage being set for social revolution, and the curtain was pulled at Queretaro in 1917.

Carranza called the Constitutionalist Convention primarily to legalize his own position, and the attendance of all others but those whom he considered loyal personal partisans was discouraged. His own recommendations were largely for centralized political power, with but vague lip-service to social reforms. He reckoned, however, without the influence of a radical group led by General Francisco Mugica. The radical faction had its intellectual inspiration from Molina Enriquez and its practical pressure in the support of Alvaro Obregon, Carranza's leading general who had finally defeated Villa to gain great personal prestige with the people. That group was prepared to go further than Carranza's own theorists, headed by Luis Cabrera, who had been attempting to formulate a legal base for at least a facade of social revolution.

* * *

The constitution that emerged in 1917 was more an expression of revolutionary purpose, of long-range aspirations, than an immediately workable code of fundamental law—and it was a minority expression. Certainly it inseparably linked social and economic revolution with political revolution, but it is doubtful that even many of the constitutional delegates realized then the document's far-reaching implications, what it could come to mean through interpretation and implementation.

The 1917 Constitution contains a basic contradiction, in the relations of the individual and the state, that even yet has not been fully resolved. In the first place, the Constitution is a restatement of concepts of democratic government and civil liberties contained in the 1857 Constitution and the ideals of the French and American revolutions. Politically, both in structure and ideology, it closely resembles the United States Constitution. The Constitution, however, also borrows heavily from later Western-European socialist theories of governmental function in relation to social and economic welfare. It contains as well ideas stemming from the unique Mexican national experience, influences of Spanish colonial law and even pre-Cortesian Indian custom. It is no wonder that at first reading it was a bewildering document to foreign observers, and that its letter was to become less important than its executive and judicial interpretation and legislative implementation in the years to come.

Though reiterating the principles and forms of individualistic republican democracy and traditional civil liberties, the Constitution handed the state immense powers to enforce the economic and social changes which by then were developing into the avowed fundamental purpose of the Revolution. The individual and the state thus were guaranteed conflicting rights and privileges. As Tannenbaum concludes, 'much of the contradictory policy of Mexican governments since has stemmed from this fact. Different governments have emphasized one rather than another of these commitments.'

The fact is that any Mexican government, while working within the flexible framework of the 1917 Constitution, can move toward either authoritarian state socialism or democratic free enterprise. The sub-

sequent deviations in course have confused both Mexico's foreign relations and its internal development. The dichotomy in the official concept of progress required a synthesis that only experience, much of it bitter and costly, could bring.

The most controversial provisions of the Queretaro Constitution were those that struck at evils long suffered in Mexico, that empowered the state to remodel basic institutions. Literally accepted, those provisions overcompensated, giving the state potentially dangerous authority, but in actual practice they have been modified toward compatibility with democratic thinking.

* * *

Agrarian reform became, in Article 27, national ownership of all subsoil deposits and strict governmental limitation of private-property rights. Separation of Church and State became, in Article 130, governmental power to suppress freedom of religion. Labor welfare and organization became, in Article 123, a potentially disproportionate voice for a privileged class in both government and management. Certainly, in these provisions, the Constitutionals poured a large dose of socialist theory into the ingredients for republican democracy.

Furthermore, the Queretaro Constitution ran counter to what Manuel Gamio has described as a tendency in Mexican political thinking to link liberalism with federalism and conservatism, or reaction, with centralism. Not only was the Federal Government handed tremendous economic and social powers in the three articles cited above, but also in the provisions guaranteeing a public health program and free, universal secular education. The Federal Government received powers directly, as well as indirectly, through capacity to capitalize on subsequent defaults by the state governments. The seeds of centralism were sowed at Queretaro, despite the adoption of the federal form provided in the 1917 Constitution.

* * *

The Carranza administration, however, immediately chose to ignore the movement for social revolution that had crystallized in the Queretaro Constitution, and thereby, as Gruening puts it, 'committed suicide.' His successor, Obregon, who became president in 1920, and was recognized by the United States three years later, took more cognizance of the deeper currents of the Revolution, thought he was hampered by reconstruction tasks imposed by a decade of strife.

Obregon realized the cornerstone place of education in any workable concept of progress—'educar es redimir'—and named the farsighted pedagogue and philosopher Jose Vasconcelos, to undertake a program of national redemption through mass education. Vasconcelos mobilized all cultural resources of the country—notably the Rivera-Orozco-Siqueiros movement in modern art—to serve his purpose. The concept of progress growing out of the Revolution now added the cultural to its economic, social, and political evolution.

Obregon set the course that Mexico was to follow, up to what might be called Cardenas, revolutionary revival in the 1930s. He began a modified program of land distribution, without drastic redistribution. He supported labor organization and slowly improved wage-hour conditions, and he chose the milder course of taxation toward subordinating foreign capital to Mexican sovereignty. He veered from full use of the extraordinary powers inherent in the Constitution against foreign capital, land monopoly, and the Church. Even so, Tannenbaum correctly terms Obregon the 'first presidential protagonist' of the social revolution, though much of his political method was reminiscent

of Diaz, as was that of his successor, the new 'strong man' Calles, who began his decade-long regime in 1924.

* * *

Arriving in power with the threat of fresh domestic strife at a peak, Calles must be credited with holding the country together against intensive internal and external pressures, despite his aggravation of the Church question and rift with Washington over oil and land policies. Calles cannot be credited, however, with adding anything new to Mexico's concept of progress, and his dictatorial methods, whether unavoidable or not, mark a political retrogression. Following his own term and Obregon's assassination before a scheduled return to power, Calles manipulated the elections of three successive presidents whom he could personally control, thus violating the democratic essence of the Revolution and the Constitution. Calles failed to make the most of his opportunity to improve economic and social conditions, and certainly did not live up to his promises, especially those of educational and agrarian reforms. His administration fell far short of attaining this high goal he had set for it:

"The ideal of my government is to save the great masses of the population from misery and ignorance, to raise their social standard, to teach them to eat better, to give them schools and culture, to raise them to a higher level of civilization, so as to construct a homogenous nation, closing the existing gulf between a handful of Mexicans who enjoy comfort, refinement and well-being, and the great mass of Mexicans exploited by every tyranny, abandoned by every administration, buried in misery, darkness and suffering."

* * *

Cardenas' Six Year Plan, as it unfolded in practice from 1935 through 1940, raised a storm of controversy both at home and abroad as he put teeth into the socialistic provisions of the 1917 Constitution. He undertook the redistribution of more than twice the land parceled out by all previous administrations and, explosively, expropriated foreign oil holdings. The latter action, though technically and legally justified under the Constitution's labor-protecting Article 123, was a fundamental expression of the philosophy of property embodied in Article 27's vested public land rights, as over subsoil deposits, subsequently a factor in negotiating compensation settlement. The result was to reduce sharply the foreign investment percentage of Mexico's national wealth, which between 1910 and 1935 already had declined from 42 to 33 per cent.

Cardenas' vigorous socialistic educational program—rightly or wrongly interpreted as anti-religious by strong elements of Mexican society—expanded educational facilities commendably, but at the expense of considerable popular support for secular education. He strongly supported labor organization, but gave labor unworkable responsibility in the management of the expropriated oil industry and the nationalized railroads. His public health program was perhaps more paternal than scientific. He pushed co-operatives and public works, while discouraging foreign capital and, indirectly, domestic private investment. He tried actually to accomplish a number of revolutionary aims to which his predecessors had only paid lip-service.

One of Cardenas' brain-trusters—his administration borrowed much from the example of the Roosevelt New Deal—in 1935 expressed the regime's basic concept of progress in this way:

"We believe that Mexico finds herself in a privileged position to determine her destiny. By being in a pre-capitalistic state with some of her people even in a pre-pecuniary economy and at the same time by observing the effects of the last crisis of the capitalistic

world, we think that we should be able to use the advantages of the industrial era without having to suffer from its well-known shortcomings. We think that we should attempt to industrialize Mexico consciously, intelligently avoiding the avoidable evils of industrialism, such as urbanism, exploitation of man by man, production for sale instead of production for human needs, economic insecurity, waste, shabby goods and the mechanization of the workman... We have dreamt of a Mexico of 'ejidos' and small industrial communities, electrified, with sanitation, in which goods will be produced for the purpose of satisfying the needs of the people; in which the machinery will be employed to relieve man from heavy toil, and not for so-called overproduction."

That was Ramon Beteta who argued that his views of a semi-industrial economy were not 'an impossible dream,' as he—becoming President Aleman's Minister of Finance subsequently pushing large-scale urban industrialism—no doubt later realized it to have been. That realization was to dawn during the regime of Cardenas' more cautious successor.

All in all, Cardenas' social and economic experiments did little actually to raise Mexican living standards. Nevertheless, his enforcement of and redistribution and reassertion of Mexican sovereignty were basic to future national development. His example of sincerity, integrity, and morality in high office and his ability to rule through a troubled period without resort to open force served to raise, it is hoped permanently, the low standards of Mexican politics. Cardenas' main contribution to the Mexican concept of progress was to link it to nationalization and the social and economic welfare of the Indian masses, Mexico's 'common man.' The great neglected majority came into their own during the Cardenas administration, though the accumulated miseries of the ages could be only slightly alleviated by his patient and heartfelt ministrations. Because of popular experience gained under the Cardenas regime, no Mexican government can long fail to serve the basic interests of the rank-and-file population and remain in power.

* * *

The succeeding wartime administration of General Manuel Avila Camacho sought to consolidate rather than extend the Cardenas reforms. Political stability and harmony of internal interests were emphasized as essential to Mexican social and economic development. And, in two important ways, Avila Camacho added to the Mexican concept of progress.

Through his able foreign minister, Ezequiel Padilla, Avila Camacho led Mexico into an unprecedented era of co-operation with the United States, reciprocating in full the Washington Good Neighbor Policy. Furthermore, he dedicated Mexico to leadership in Pan Americanism, in diplomatic, military, economic, social, and cultural implementation of the heretofore generalized principles of inter-American solidarity. Mexico became perhaps the staunchest advocate of genuine equality in the family of Western Hemisphere nations.

In addition, the Avila Camacho administration revised Mexican thinking on economic development essential to social process and political stability. The emphasis on what Manuel Barranco in 1915 had defined as the people's main interests in the Revolution, 'a piece of land of their own and a free government,' was shifted to take account of the fact that the machine must come to Mexico. As Avila Camacho's Six Year Plan for 1941 through 1946, the second declared:

"We live today on the margin of applied science, which in the production of wealth renders benefits

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Patterns of an Old City

THE HEAVY HANDS OF TIME

By Howard S. Phillips

STAPLETON reached for the tequila bottle, removed the cork, wiped its top as if someone else had been drinking from it, and took a rapid gulp. He looked at the familiar label, appraising the diminishing contents behind it, thinking that perhaps he was using up the stuff a little bit too fast, that perhaps to drink like this straight out of the bottle was not quite the proper thing to do, that it would be much nicer to pour it into a glass and maybe mix it with a little water; though he knew that of late it had become a little difficult because his hand shook rather annoyingly and there was always the danger of spilling some of it over the rim.

He took another, shorter gulp, corked and replaced the bottle on the floor near his chair, picked up his scratchy fountain-pen and resumed his writing:

"...So, my dear Arthur, I suppose it is hardly pertinent or necessary for me to tell you all these things now. Chances are that you know all about it, that you have known it a long time, that you know the kind of person your father actually is, and that little will be gained by putting it down in black and white, by giving it to you in the form of a belated confession, as a kind of *de profundis*, which may not add anything to what you already know, nor clarify or refute it.

In fact, there is hardly a purpose or reason for writing you; there is hardly anything that I might say to you, to your mother or sisters, that would be of great interest to any of you. If you are at all concerned about me, you know through the bank that I am still receiving each month the cashier's draft in keeping with the convenient stipulation, and that therefore am still alive. As to how I live, how I eat and sleep and what I do to fill the time, is another matter, and one, I suppose, of slight importance."

He paused and turning his head from side to side surveyed the room: he looked at the barren wall, the chest of drawers and the stack of old magazines on its top, at the small iron bed with its untidy yellow spread, at the window which faced a brick wall a few feet away; his eyes compiled a thoughtful inventory of his surroundings and finally returned to the sheet of paper on the table.

"Yes," he resumed, "it is hardly worth writing about. Just now I am sitting in my room—not what you would exactly call a luxurious chamber. It's rather small and poorly furnished, but it's all right. It's not in a first class hotel. More along the third rate, I suppose. But at three hundred pesos a month, which is not much more than a dollar a day, one can hardly complain. The food in the restaurants is not what you would describe as 'home cooking' or an epicurean feast, there is too much rice and beans in it; but you can get along with it.

Getting lonesome is the worst part of it—especially the nights and Sundays. I am not much of a hand at sightseeing or at meeting people casually, and though I am sure I've always been lazy by nature I've not been able to learn how to make loafing an interesting task. Maybe that's why I've been leaning a little too much on the bottle. I don't suppose I've become what you would actually call a drunkard, but I seem to need more and more of the stuff to keep going.

Now I am sure that I should not be telling you things like that, for in a way it is an admission of defeat, and I would prefer that you regard me as a man who within his infamous defeat had yet preserved a tiny bit of strength and courage to assert his will, the will to do what he really wanted to do and what he thought was the best for all concerned. I would prefer that you don't take me to be a cowardly sort of man who merely ran away, just walked away from a situation that seemed to him unbearable. And yet I am afraid that I will never be able to make my point clear.

It is true that the situation did get pretty much messed up toward the end, and if you look at it sensibly my self-obliteration, my permanent absence, can make it possible for all of you to live it down. Otherwise I would always be a serious hindrance. My presence in Masonville would breed constant resentment and irritation, and especially in view of the fact that I have really never reformed, that I still drink much more than I should—a fact which would serve as a constant reminder that a man who drinks should not be driving a car, and if he does so and runs over a man and causes his death, he need not seek mercy or pardon. He is guilty, even if not by design, because of weakness or viciousness. He is guilty of manslaughter. He must therefore receive the full punishment he deserves. He must liquidate his debt with society.

But what about a man who simply cannot endure his punishment? Sure, they taught me how to sew overalls at the pen; they taught me many others things; but they could not teach me how to "do" time, how to forget the everpresent awareness of time, how to rid myself of the eternal fear of it—a fear that grows into a living terror, and which, I presume, defines the actual punishment of a sentence in prison. Yes, that was the one thing they could not teach me. Time held me in its grip more completely than the cell I lived in. It held me always relentlessly, and sometimes at night it paraded through the dark in a procession of grisly apparitions or became a monster whose hand clutched me by the throat.

So in the end it got me. I cracked up, and thanks to your mother's efficient endeavours, thanks to her devoted wirepulling and manipulation, I was, as you know, paroled to a mental institution. All this you know without my telling you. That is to say, you know the facts in the case. You know that your father, ostensibly a fairly stable and successful business man—a man who, it would seem, starting from scratch built up a prosperous hardware business, reared a family, created a place for himself in the community, and then eventually, by degrees, almost imperceptibly, lost hold of himself, commenced to drift, to fumble, and finally slid down the chute and landed on the ash-heap.

This much you know about your father. But perhaps you don't know that all my life—even through the years of my apparent success—essentially it's been like that, that always, as far back as I can remember, even before I grew up, whenever things looked up, whenever I seemed to get hold of myself, some incident made me fall down, like a man in one of those nightmares who, trying to climb up a slippery mountain path, only slithers again toward the abyss.

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Oil.

By Manuel Gonzalez Serrano.

A Night in the Yaqui Country

By John W. Hilton

OUTSTANDING in my recollections of experiences in Sonora is the night when I crossed the Yaqui River in the company of what must have been either the greatest authority on Yaquis or one of the ablest liars. As I look back I feel that he was probably a well balanced blend of both.

As I recall, the night was a black tunnel roofed by threatening clouds, walled by giant cacti, and carpeted with dust. This dust welled up in powdery swirls, seeped through the floor boards, sifted in by each crack, and settled in a drab gray film on everything in sight. Occasionally a flash of distant lightning illuminated the forest of giant cacti. Gnarled trunks and tortured arms groping skyward, struggling to outreach one another, grasping for the rain that was about to come.

We were trying to beat this rain to the border. That is one of the few reasons why a sane person would attempt this road at night. To be trapped by the rain was the greater of two evils. The talkative individual we had picked up in Ciudad Obregón assured us that there was no actual danger in such a journey.

"Especially with me along," he said. "Why, I've traveled this Yaqui desert at night on horseback when war was brewing, and never got so much as a scratch. The Yaquis like me, they do, and I like them; the darned wooden-faced heathen."

Our feeling of general security was shaken, however, when he insisted on stopping at the first fort, and gave our names and car license to the Comandante. This fellow favored us with an incredulous look that changed to something between pity and disgust when we insisted upon going on through the night. It was hard for him to understand why "these crazy Americanos" would gamble a night in the Yaqui country against a few weeks' delay.

"These Mexicans," said our friend, "are afraid of the Yaquis, and the Yaquis like to keep them that

way. A well planned atrocity goes a long way toward preserving general respect."

"A common thing in the past was to catch a party of foolhardy prospectors or military scouts who were thought to be intruding too far into their country. Two or three were picked out for torture and death, and the others turned loose to tell the story."

"Did I ever tell you about any of their pet ways of making folks uncomfortable? Well, take the 'cholla dance' for instance. Now, there is a thing that only a Yaqui could have thought up. They put a fellow in a ring covered with joints of cholla cactus (you know what that stuff is—Americans call it 'jumping cactus,' the orn'riest thing that grows from the ground). Then they take his clothes off, including his shoes, and start up the music. The poor feller is supposed to dance or else—and if he doesn't, they start shooting at his feet."

"Some of the victims live through the cholla dance, but the Yaquis use another desert plant that really kills them. You know the mescal or agave (folks in the States call 'em century plants)—well, they find one that is about ready to bloom and they rig up a sort of framework over the plant directly above the flower shoot. The fellow they want to do away with is tied with rawhide to the frame, and the shoot does the rest. You know how hard the tips of those shoots are, and they're just as sharp as a needle. Nothing can stop their growth, since they waited for years to bloom, and all that energy is stored up and has to be released somehow. They grow at the rate of about eighteen inches a night and will pass right through a man go on and bloom."

"Then of course there is the old torture of tying a man in a freshly skinned cowhide; the next day the sun comes out, the rawhide shrinks, and the man is slowly crushed; or the pleasant little stunt of staking an enemy out on an ant hill where the stinging ants start the thing and the buzzards finish up."

"The guys they turn loose aren't exactly in perfect shape when they finally get back to civilization. The Yaquis usually mark them up some, such as a cut across the cheek of forehead, or lopping off an ear. This is a lifetime ad for the Indians. Anyone meeting the poor fellows is apt to ask how they became mutilated, and the story is told again. This custom has done more than all the wars to keep the Yaqui country for the Yaqui.

"Sometimes it doesn't work out so well, however, especially if one of the victims happens to be well known in Mexico City. Then of course a punitive expedition is sent out. By the sheer strength of superior force the Yaqui domain is penetrated and retribution is meted out. Homes and villages are burned, and women and children mercilessly abused. The Yaquis hold a war council and usually retaliate. This may go on for years.

"During the last Yaqui war one would no more have attempted to pass over this road at night than to walk barefooted through a den of rattlesnakes. Military escorts took travelers from one fort to another, checking in each member of the party carefully to account for everyone. One station had as many as half a dozen Yaquis, each hanging from a telephone pole in plain sight of the railway and road, as a warning to their pals and temptation to the flocks of buzzards that could hardly wait till they were cut down."

I began to wonder just how wise we had been to attempt this trip through the night, and occasionally I would glance at my wife to see how she was taking the cheerful conversation or our friend. Being a nurse, she wasn't easily upset. I decided to let good enough alone. After all we couldn't just tell the man to shut up and stop getting on our nerves. He might be easily offended, and decide to leave us at the next fort. There was little to do but suffer in silence, and wonder at times whether all these things of which he spoke really could have happened. Then when we would glance out of the car at the shadowy thorn forest, hedging us in on both sides, it seemed that nothing could be too sinister for such a place.

"In spite of all precautions," our guide continued, "attacks were sometimes made on escorted parties. I recall a woman now living in Alamos. They say she is very beautiful and, although over forty, still looks the sixteen years she was when the Yaquis ambushed their party. The soldiers were overpowered and killed by torture, one by one, before her eyes.

"Her two brothers were then led out and tied where they could watch the proceeding while she was stripped and raped by a dozen of the paint-smearing savages. Finally, unconscious and mutilated, she was abandoned for dead, and her two brothers were turned loose to tell the tale, after each had lost an ear. They discovered that their sister still breathed and, tying her to a horse, they took her home.

"This woman, they say, was crazy from that day on and has to be kept locked up or blindfolded so that she may not see any man. Even the sight of a man of her own family starts her screaming and raving. The queer thing seems to be that she somehow doesn't appear to age a bit."

Our cheerful friend was about to start on another of his stories when a flash of lightning showed us that the Yaqui River was ahead. "I hope the rains in the hills yesterday have raised it high enough for the 'pongos,'" he said, "for if they haven't we are likely to get stuck trying to cross."

Suddenly my headlight picked out a group of figures standing silently near the roadside at the river's edge. They were Yaquis all right! Perhaps the fears of the Comandante hadn't been so foolish; here we were face to face with the real things. We stopped

and a tall wooden-faced giant stuck his head into the window on my wife's side of the car.

"Can we cross the river safely?" I asked (by way of starting some sort of conversation).

The Indian kept on staring.

"Couldn't your men push us through? How much would they charge?"

"Fifty pesos," grunted the Yaqui.

"Fifty pesos!" exclaimed our companion. "Why, that is an outrage. Where is your head man? I want to talk to him."

The crowd stirred, and an older man approached to see who dared speak with such authority. Our friend got out and greeted this fellow in a guttural language that must have been Yaqui, for the other's expression changed to one of recognition. He took our companion's hand in his and the conversation continued, but it sounded friendly.

Finally the old man shouted something that was apparently an order. The men began removing their sandals and rolling up their trouser legs. Taking hold of the car, they pushed us bodily across the wide shallow stream.

"What do we owe you?" I asked as the man again approached the car.

"Nada," he replied, with what must have been meant for a gallant gesture.

I proffered a five-peso note. He was about to refuse it when our friend spoke up (this time in Spanish).

"Para los niños," he said (for the little ones); "they will be waiting for your return, and some small trinkets from the market will please them."

The old man's leathery face broke into the first real smile we had seen that evening. He accepted the bill with a polite "gracias," and his men shouted their wishes that we "travel in safety with the presence of God."

"You see," said our companion, "they are just like a lot of children. True, they are badly spoiled children at times, but they can be handled without much trouble if one tries to understand them. If the Mexicans would recognize this fact and stay away from their gold-leaden Bacatete Mountains, there would be little friction with the Yaqui people. I have learned that, once their natural suspicions have been overcome, they make good and loyal friends and they will do almost anything for you."

Over on our right we could just barely make out a large, flat-topped mountain rising above the cactus forests at its base.

Thinking to change the subject, I asked our friend the name of this landmark, and he replied that it was called, locally, "La Sierra de los Muertos" (The Mountain of the Dead).

* * *

"Here," he said, "was fought the first great battle of the Spaniards and the Yaquis. It was a battle to the finish, and the superior weapons of the invaders finally prevailed. Only a few straggling warriors returned to tell the tale. Had the Spaniards been content with this victory, all would have been well, but attempts to invade the mountain strongholds of these people was a different matter. Here the Yaquis had all the advantages.

"For years, repeated attempts were made to get at the fabulous treasure that is supposed to be in the Bacatete Mountains, but none were very successful.

"No, I guess there is not much doubt about the Yaquis having a great deal of gold," said our friend in answer to my question. "I have a doctor acquaintance who was traveling this very road only a few years ago, on a dark night such as this. He

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Mexico's Day of Independence

By Dolores Butterfield Jeffords

BECAUSE of a clash between history and tradition, Mexico actually observes two consecutive Independence Days—the 15th and 16th of September. Tradition maintains that Father Miguel Hidalgo proclaimed the nation's independence the night of the 15th, delivering from the balcony of his little curacy in Dolores the famous Grito which summoned the colony to arms. History, however, establishes that it was the morning of the 16th, the night having been spent in securing arms, at least of a sort, and seizing and incarcerating Spanish officials. In other words, the proclamation was not shouted to the public until preparations had been made to do so with at least momentary safety.

But, after all, why not two Independence Days, giving to tradition that which is tradition's, and to history that which is history's? So every year at eleven o'clock on the night of the 15th of September, the President, the Governor, the Prefect, or whatever official ranks highest in the particular community, repeats verbatim, from a balcony of some public building, the Grito de Dolores—including the dangerous words "Muera el mal gobierno!" which some of those same dignitaries must in times past have pronounced with secretly quaking hearts.

The Grito is the marked event of the 15th, and since it occurs late in the evening, the day may or may not be observed as a holiday by business houses. Music in the plaza of course is indicated. The 16th, however, is an all-day celebration. There are parades through flag-hung streets, and a *velada patriótica* in the theater, at which speeches are made, recitations in prose and verse delivered, and patriotic songs sung by choruses of school children, the event closing with the national hymn. The 16th ends with a band concert in the plaza, climaxed with pyrotechnic display, and often the firing of blank cannon.

* * *

Mexicans have long nursed a hurt over the fact that while their more educated classes are familiar with Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, the American is rare indeed who knows even the names of Hidalgo, Allende, Morelos, or Juárez. As one young Mexican once plaintively expressed it to me, "Your countrymen know about our dictators and our bandits, but never about our patriots and heroes."

Certainly the story of Mexico's Independence Day is one of the most dramatic and romantic in any



MONUMENT OF INDEPENDENCE.
On the Paseo de la Reforma, Mexico City.

history—a story of love, loyalty, fearlessness, adventure and sacrifice, such as only history could write.

Let us go back to a mid-September day in 1810, to the home of the Spanish Corregidor of Querétaro, Don Miguel Domínguez, when, pallid and shaken, he revealed to his Mexican wife that he had received orders to arrest a group of professional and business men whose involvement in a plot to declare the independence of Mexico (then New Spain) had been disclosed to the authorities. The reason for Don Miguel's agitation was that his own home had served as a rendezvous for those involved, and his own wife had been most enthusiastic for the cause, although her name was not among those betrayed. As a magistrate, he could do nothing but obey those orders—with the more zeal because his wife, and indeed he himself, might well be suspected.

He must have read a daring purpose in Doña Josefa's eyes, for he locked the door on her when he went out to make the arrests. By tapping a prearranged signal on the floor, she summoned to her door one of the members of the secret revolutionary junta, Don Ignacio Pérez, who lived in the downstairs rooms of the building. To him she entrusted a message of warning to Captain Ignacio Allende, her daughter's affianced husband, in San Miguel el Grande.

* * *

Allende was the organizer of the pro-independence conspiracy of Querétaro, and had been its leader until he voluntarily transferred the leadership to the liberal-minded priest, Miguel Hidalgo, whom he persuaded to join the movement. Allende, an officer in

the provincial militia mobilized by Spain to defend the colony in the event of a Napoleonic invasion, had felt himself absolved of his oath of allegiance to the vice-regency when the resident Spaniards themselves had treacherously seized the viceroy, deported him to Spain, and replaced him with a man of their own choosing. From then on the young militia officer had devoted himself to carrying on the plans for national independence, in the midst of the confusion which reigned in the colony because of the abdication of the Spanish Bourbons and the presence of an usurper on the Spanish throne.

Dña Josefa Ortiz de Domínguez had been one of Allende's most active collaborators in Querétaro—oddly enough, with the knowledge and apparently the acquiescence of her Spanish husband, who had not himself reported the conspiracy, though fully informed of it. It was to Allende that she sent her message, notifying him of the Querétaro arrests, also that orders for his own arrest and that of Hidalgo had been issued from the Intendencia of Guanajuato, in which jurisdiction they lived. Even she had no thought at the time but that, if her warning could outrun those orders from Guanajuato, they might have time to flee.

Ignacio Pérez, galloping through the night from Querétaro to San Miguel el Grande with that message, is Mexico's Paul Revere. Arriving in San Miguel in the early morning of the 15th, he learned that Allende was in Dolores, having gone there the day before to consult with Hidalgo. He delivered his warning to Allende's close friend, Captain Juan Aldama, and with a few other comrades they set out for Dolores.

Here tradition takes over and insists that, upon receipt of the warning, Hidalgo gave voice to the Grito de Independencia at eleven o'clock on the night of the 15th. But history has painstakingly reconstructed the scene which took place in Dolores and the consternation of the leaders upon learning that their activities had been divulged. They had planned the uprising for December; a definite date had been set for concerted action. And they had planned to have for that uprising the arms, munitions and stores of gunpowder slowly and cautiously gathered during two years, and carefully hidden in private homes in Querétaro, which was to have been the revolutionary headquarters.

Now, with the Querétaro comrades under arrest, and the hidden stores seized, they confronted an infinitely more difficult problem than the sufficiently difficult one they had contemplated. Yet, without much discussion, these men reached the unanimous decision to strike their blow for freedom immediately.

Hidalgo called his brother, his servants, and a few trusted neighbors, whom he armed with home-made lances, already on hand. Allende sought Captain Mariano Abásolo, a resident of Dolores, his fellow officer and collaborator for independence, who summoned a small detachment of soldiers stationed there with him. This little group proceeded to arrest the sleeping town officials and other prominent Spaniards. By daylight of the 16th, without any public disturbance or violence, the revolution was in possession of Dolores.

This was the pitiful handful of all but unarmed men who proclaimed Mexico's independence: an elderly small town priest, three young subalterns of the Colonial Militias, a piquete, of soldiers, and a miscellaneous group of civilians. It was of no real importance whether the proclamation was made, as tradition has it, from a balcony at eleven P.M. on the 15th, or, as history has it, at five A.M. on Sunday, the 16th, from the steps of Hidalgo's church, after he had

duly said Mass for the assembled congregation. What matters is that it was made. Historically, the Grito was the climax of a fiery extemporaneous address which elicited echoing shouts from the crowd: "Viva la independencia! Viva la América! Muera el mal gobierno!" And thus—each man furnishing his own haphazard weapons—the first army of liberation was recruited.

From Dolores they marched on San Miguel el Grande, which was taken without a battle, because Allende's regiment, defying its Spanish colonel and cheering for Allende, marched out to welcome the Insurgents (a title reserved in Mexico for the soldiers of the War of Independence).

But we need not follow the heroes in detail on their triumphal march, with an ever-increasing host gathering to their standard, inspired by the vivid eloquence of Hidalgo—a march which carried them to the verge of Mexico City, where the battle of Monte de las Cruces, won by the military skill and daring of Allende, was thrown away because of Hidalgo's inexplicable reluctance to descend upon the panic-stricken capital. Nor need we follow their subsequent defeats, when the Royalists, rallying from the initial surprise of this revolt, mustered their vastly superior armaments and forces to overwhelm the insurrection. It is sufficient to know that, at the last, driven as far north as Saltillo, but spurning an offer of amnesty, the leaders decided to retreat to the northern boundary, there to enlist the sympathy and aid of brother Americans, who had won their own freedom from a great European power. And so, with the remnant of their decimated following, they rode into the arid regions of the north—and into the treacherous ambushade of Norias de Baján.

Taken to Chihuahua for trial, the Insurgents were shot from day to day as their guilt was determined. The heads of the four principal leaders, Hidalgo, Allende, Aldama and Jiménez, were severed and sent to Guanajuato, there to be placed in iron cages and hung at the corners of the Alhóndiga de Granaditas, the first citadel the Insurgents had captured by actual force of arms. There they hung for ten years—not, it seemed, to serve as the grisly warning the Royalists had intended, but rather to inspire in thousands of other hearts the resolve to carry on the unfinished task. For the insurrection, which their death was supposed to annihilate, went on under other leaders, against overwhelming odds to be won finally in 1821; and reverent hands removed those desecrated heads for burial under the Altar of the Kings in the Cathedral of Mexico City.

That is the story of Mexico's Sixteenth of September, and of the men who made it a day of rejoicing and solemn commemoration. Call it dry history if you like. But if some day you are in Querétaro, where you cannot fail to see the statue of Josefa Ortiz de Domínguez, perhaps you will look with deeper admiration upon those superbly carved features. Perhaps you will look with keener interest upon the house in which she lived, and which she made a shrine to the cause of independence; the house to which Allende went on dangerous and secret missions, and where romance flowered in his betrothal—never to be fulfilled in marriage—to her daughter; the house from which she sent her message of warning (for which both she and her husband served prison sentences) which touched off the War of Independence.

Or if you are ever in Dolores Hidalgo, as it is now called, it may be that this unimposing little town and its humble church where Hidalgo served, will acquire a greater dignity in the light of the great

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Oil.

By Ann Medallé.

Mme. Palavandova

By Dore Chandos

RENDEL decided to paint Mr. Humpel, and as Mr. Humpel would not leave his cooking or his baking or his parrots, Rendel sent round an enormous easel and worked on Mr. Humpel's veranda. He worked while Mr. Humpel went about his tasks. Rendel was fascinated by his turns of phrase and encouraged him to talk all the time. As I passed near the bungalow, I would hear the little groans dotting the sentences.

"For my breakfast I make eggs in fry form, boil form, or other form, and I read this report sent to me of a gold mine in Aguascalientes, and I take a piece of cake. Will you like a piece? It is the Streuselkuchen that Herr Chandos fonda. It is the philopie life."

And another time he said to Rendel, "At the Chorros of Santa Ana there are thermal springs, where you will be much enjoyed."

Rendel commented later, "I went there—it's lovely, you ought to go, Mrs. Fountanney, all hung with orchids—but nobody enjoyed me!" And his laugh split the air and echoed round the terrace.

He finished the picture, about half life-size, in a week, and there was Mr. Humpel, bending over his baker's oven, with the parrots making a diagonal flare of glittering green that caught a balance with the sitter's extended arm in its crumpled lilac shirt sleeve. It was exactly like him—but there was a twist to the gleam in the eye, a flick to the high light on the lip, and it was Mr. Humpel with sex appeal. To everyone's surprise, since he had been judged poor, Mr. Humpel at once bought the picture for five thousand pesos, paid in small notes out of a cornflake carton, and hung it in his bungalow, and every time he

looked at it each little groan turned into a little chuckle.

"Na," he said, "it is well made. Once I was a fine boy."

More and more things at the inn seemed to need my personal attention. This time the ice hadn't come, and since I had ordered ice cream for supper, I went to Chapala to find out what had happened. When I arrived at the ice factory I found only an ancient, toothless hag in charge.

The patron is out," she said.

"My ice wasn't delivered today. I want to buy some now. Have you some?"

"Yes, here it is."

She hobbled across the room and pointed to a large green door. I looked though the top half, which was screened, into a lead-lined cupboard. On the upper shelf were three blocks of ice.

"Is that big bit a whole bar?" I asked, "or only half a bar?"

"Who knows," said the hag.

"Or is it three quarters?"

"That's a quarter," she said, sucking her gums and pointing to the smallest piece of ice.

"But the big piece?"

She screwed up her eyes and poked her nose against the wire screening.

"I can't so-much it," she said. "What d'you think?"

"I think it's a whole bar. I want to take the whole bar and the quarter bar, the biggest piece and the smallest."

"That's the quarter bar, pues," she said, pleased with her own perspicacity and pointing once more

to the smallest bit of ice.

"Yes, and can you sell it me?"

"Oh, yes."

"You know how much it costs?"

"Yes. Eighty centavos for a quarter bar. Most people buy quarter bars."

"And can I pay you? You're authorized to sell the ice?"

"How not?" I'm in charge. The patron is out."

"Very well," I said. "Then I'll take the whole bar and the quarter bar. That'll be four pesos, won't it?"

"You will know, señor."

I paid her the money.

"Yes, that's right. My car's outside I'll take it right away if you'll have it sent out."

"Ah!" she said, sucking her gums again and putting the money firmly in the till. "And how am I to do that? My patron is in Guadalajara, and he has the key of the cupboard, pues."

Eventually I succeeded in borrowing some ice from the Monte Carlo Hotel, which has never failed to help me in any difficulty of this sort, and as usual I remained for a drink on the terrace, looking out though the cool shades of its little park to the sunlit expanse of the lake and listening to conversation in four languages. It was after five o'clock when I got home.

* * *

The first thing I saw as I came into the patio was a pile of expensive luggage, topped by a lynx rug and a shining crocodile bag. Beyond it, in a rocker, sat a woman of about forty, very smartly dressed, her face darkly lit by huge tragic eyes. All the servants were standing round her, Apolonia grasping a glass of water, Cayetano gingerly holding a half-smoked cigarette, Nieves fingering the stopper of a small gold and crystal bottle, Aurora with a mink coat draped over her arms, Paz bearing in both hands, as if it were a holy image, a leopard-skin purse.

"Here, here comes the señor!" they all cried.

The woman turned her somber searchlights on me and broke into French.

"Monsieur, je suis épuisée, éreintée, rendue—I am exhausted, worn out, dead. I am Varia Palavandova. Monsieur, you who understand the heart of a Russian, lead me, I beg you, to where I may repose myself."

With a brilliant circular smile for us all, she stood up and waited to be led. She had very beautiful teeth, small and shapely. I had done my best to make the house comfortable, and, for Ajijie, I thought I had done pretty well. But I doubted whether it would be up to Mme. Palavandova's standards. I led her to the best, the largest room. I had been pleased with its lettuce-green tiles and oyster walls, but when she came into it, it looked very rustie. We were followed by Cayetano, still carrying the cigarette, and by Apolonia with the glass of water. Behind them Nieves opened the little bottle. She sniffed quietly and choked loudly over the smelling salts. Mme. Palavandova laughed. She expressed herself delighted with everything, asked the price of nothing, said how chic the sucking curtains were, requested that a maid be allotted entirely to her service, and accepted my invitation to cocktails later on.

The servants were impressed. With tense, whisperful bustle all the new guest's things were taken to her room in record time.

"And a coat like this," said Aurora, stroking the mink. "It must need the skins of many little rats to make it. Or would they not be rats?"

"Perhaps they're tlaucaches of the North," said Nieves.

I detailed Paz to the duties of lady's maid, and for the next hour the house was on its toes. Mme. Palavandova asked for mineral water, a hot bath, China tea, and aspirin, six extra towels, a footstool, a note of the latest news on the radio, a bowl of ice cubes, three more pillows, a copy of Vogue and a wire brush for suede shoes, almost all of which we were able to supply. By chance Mrs. Fountanney had a three-year-old Vogue, and we sent that. There had once been a wire brush, but investigation revealed that Apolonia had used it as a saucepan scourer. I sent a big vase of wild flowers instead.

No further messages arrived for another hour, and then, just as the sinking sun's rays, which flooded the veranda, changed from yellow to rose, Mme. Palavandova appeared, trailing clouds of chartreuse chiffon, smiling brilliantly and relentlessly speaking French. She acknowledged introduction to the Fountanneys, draped herself into a chair, adjusted a clang of bracelets, accepted a cocktail, and lit up her great murky eyes.

Professor Fountanney, with little red spots on his stretched cheekbones, spoke, slowly and faultlessly, the French of Racine and did his best to make himself agreeable.

"You, monsieur," said Mme. Palavandova to the Professor, "you who understand the heart of an artist, imagine to yourself how exquisite it is, after a tour such as I have completed, to find at once tranquility, beauty, and comfort."

Her smile indicated that the Professor and I were joint author of the view, the quiet and the plumbing. She threw away her half-smoked cigarette, which lodged against Mrs. Fountanney's shoe.

"C'est formidable," said Mme. Palavandova.

Professor Fountanney cleared his throat to speak, but just then Aurora shuffled hurriedly onto the terrace, crying, "Señor, señor! There is a bat in the room of the new señorita, and Cayetano can do nothing, nor can that Paz, and Nieves has hidden her head in the pink bag of the señorita, and the bat does not want to come out of the room, not for anything, so what shall we do?"

"Dear, dear," said the Professor.

Mme. Palavandova's eyes shone with dark fire.

"Une chauve-souris? Mais je les adore! Their dear little hands!"

In a swirl of chiffon she was gone, and when I reached her room, she had the bat clasped between her palms and was murmuring endearments to it in Russian. In one corner stood Cayetano, hat in hand looking shamefaced, and in another Nieves was slowly emerging from a ruffled satin pillow cover.

"It doesn't matter, not at all," said Mme. Palavandova, as Nieves stared ruefully at the crumpled satin. "Imagine, the boy was throwing his hat at the poor little beast. Mais, ma pauvre chère petite chauve-souris, you must go out into the beautiful big night which is yours."

And, flying to the door, she flung her chiffon-streaming arms wide, and with a high cheep the bat swooped off into the darkness.

"It doesn't understand itself how she caught it so easily," said Cayetano when Mme. Palavandova had returned to the terrace. "Those animals don't lend themselves to being caught."

"The señorita is much very valiant," said Aurora, "for bats are dangerous, but more so if one is asleep and dreaming."

And as I returned to the veranda, I heard Mme. Palavandova saying. "But, monsieur, you who understand the heart of a friend of nature—"

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Sculpture in Stone.

By Romulo Rojo.

Love

By Kim Schee

I was sitting at the Cadiz Cantina struggling with a Cuba libre—perhaps the worst concoction ever invented by a bartender—when in walked Dolores, who is the tops as far as Indian girls are concerned. So I lifted my glass and gave Dolores a cheery salud, and she came over to join me.

Now for the sake of those who have never lived in Mexico, let it be said that it is very rare indeed that you see an Indian girl from one of the villages in a cantina, let alone one talking to a gringo whose reputation is none too appetizing. But Dolores had long ceased caring what the villages thought and led her life according to her own ideas, which in rural Mexico were considered grossly streamlined. As a result Dolores frequently found herself in hot water. There was the time, for instance, when Don Joaquin's wife, Doña Fidelia, banged Dolores on the head with a parasol right in the center of the market place for allegedly having spent a week end with husband at a seaside resort; and there was the time she got a job as maid in a politico's house in Mexico City and left a month later, but not until she had shaken the house to its foundations by seducing the politico and telling the politico's wife that she not only looked like a pig but weighed as much and it was very lucky for her that she had a pig for a husband.

So you can well imagine my surprise when Dolores calmly announced that she was getting married at the end of the week.

"And who is the lucky man?" I asked her.

"He is not from this village," replied Dolores. "He is a costeno from the the State of Vera Cruz, and he is a truck driver by profession."

"I hope he has the same ideas about life as you have," I added.

"On the contrary, Señor, he is a true Mexican. He is very jealous and possessive."

"Entonces," I said, "how come—"

"Love, Señor," said Dolores, her eyes shining. "I am a woman, and life is very monotonous without a man."

"But you have never wanted for men."

"That is true, Señor, but I have never been in love with a man before. I am truly in love this time."

"Dolores," I said, "I wish you every happiness, but as a friend of yours may I speak frankly?"

"You can, Señor."

"Then, frankly, I think you're making a mistake. I don't think you fit into a Mexican marriage. You value personal liberty too much. Look at your two married sisters—they're beaten by life, and they're old women although they are still young in years."

"Perhaps I am making a mistake, Señor—but I love him, and he wants to marry me. I must marry him—don't you understand?"

"No, I don't understand," I said, forcing a smile, "yet I'll admit that when you've got that feeling there's no use trying to be rational about it."

"That is right, Señor; I'm afraid there is no use." Dolores smiled, then got up abruptly and left the cantina without saying another word.

* * *

About six months later, after I had practically forgotten all about Dolores and her new husband, she walked into the Cadiz Cantina one afternoon looking much the worse for wear. She came over to my table, and I ordered her a drink.

"How's the marriage going?" I asked her.

"We've separated, Señor. I'm getting a divorce as soon as possible."

"I didn't think you could stand it long," I said.

"It was worth it," Dolores replied; "It's been the happiest six months of my life."

"Then why are you getting a divorce?" I said.

"Because," said Dolores, "we would destroy each other if we kept on living together. Through love I discovered hate. I didn't know that you could love a person deeply and hate a person deeply at the same time."

"I, myself, have never really experienced the sensation," I said, just to be argumentative.

"You, Señor, are a gringo and cannot understand what love is between a man and a woman. It is a lo-

cura, a madness, Señor. We are always suspicious of each other, jealous of each other, we quarrel, we fight with our fists, we bite, we even throw pots and pans at each other. Then we go to bed and make love and think we will always be kind and tender to each other; but the next morning we don't feel that way at all, and the whole thing begins all over again. It is terrible, terrible, Señor..."

"It sounds terrible," I said, "but you do enjoy feeling that way, don't you?"

"I do, Señor—and do you know why?"

"No, but I should like very much to know."

"It is because it makes one feel alive, truly alive, Señor. Everything else in comparison is dead, meaningless."

"You talk as if you would never feel alive again, Dolores," I said, hoping to cheer her up a bit, for at that moment her face revealed her suffering. "Why, you're young and lovely—"

"Pardon, Señor," said Dolores, getting up from the table, "but I feel very old, and I do not care to go on living. I could never be happy again, Señor. You see, I have looked into my soul and into the soul of the man I loved. That is death, Señor. Adios, and thank you for the drink."

Two weeks later Dolores' death was the main topic of conversation in the village.

She was found dead in a pool of water beneath a waterfall where she was in the habit of bathing and washing her clothes. Most everyone in the village was of the opinion that she had gone to the pool while drunk and had fallen in quite by accident.

Big Sur

By Eric Barker

LOSE faith in words in this country.

Better to leave unsaid

the poems that cannot describe the highest
arcs of turning and turning hawks, the
mountainous voyaging leisure of animal-
changing clouds.

What words released from this granite shoulder can
return like a cliff-falling gull translating a
mood of the sea?

Or strike such wild notes as two hawks now down-
circling their hazardous air?

Better let the truth be spoken by what inhabits here
from birth: the autochthonous voice inter-
preting its own environment.

Better to stand and listen to sounds not alien here.

A Physical Survey

By Simon Wimmer

I was just before the turn of the century that I came to Mexico as a schoolboy, and my interest in girls was then somewhat detached.

Since then times have, of course, changed, or be it better said, as time is as fixed and limitless in the universe as space, any such change would be within myself.

My interest in girls developed, I suppose, in the normal manner of those of the opposite sex. At times they were weighed and not found wanting, at others they were found distinctly wanting.

In the "good old days" in Mexico, nice girls were rarely to be seen in public outside of their homes, unless strictly chaperoned. There were no movies, no automobile outings, no bathing beaches, no co-education and none of the other amenities now taken for granted. Few girls worked in private or public offices, and not many in the stores, and it was at about Carranza's time when the change came. Today girls learn the trades and professions, and are seen everywhere.

When I now travel up or down the elevator in my office building, there are generally more girls than men, and although I am supposed to have passed the age when girls cause a flutter in a man's heart, I find that I can still look upon them with fond imaginings. I can probably assess their physical assets or shortcomings with greater assuredness than in earlier days: the fruit of experience and of improved judgement, and I feel, therefore, that I can give a composite picture of the average Mexican girl working today in many offices.

She may be the daughter of quite poor working parents, of the so-called middle classes, or even a member of the upper crust. It is hard to tell, because they have all been educated in the same government or private schools, or in convents, and all have a flair for chic clothes and personal adornment.

This average girl, we will examine, is 18 to 20 years of age, and about 5 feet, 5 inches tall, a very convenient height to look up to the average-sized man. It is so uncomfortable for a man to have to look up to a girl, or even to eye her at the same level; somehow, it affects his ego.

Let us now make a general survey of this average girl, from top to toe:



Oil.

By Jorge Gonzalez Camarena.

Her hair, a woman's crowning glory, according to the poet, is smooth and jet black. Sometimes it is naturally wavy, a sign of mixed ancestry. The forehead is neither bulging nor high. There is no suspicion, however, that she would like to be considered "high-brow."

Her complexion is clear, without blemishes; and now the interesting point of colour arises, quite an interesting chapter in itself. In northern climes we expect usually that practically all girls will be white, or even blond. There are slight graduations, of course, such as the peach blossom and pink complexions, but by and large we can class them as pallid.

I have not read the book, nor seen the play or picture "Gentlemen prefer Blondes." The title both intrigued and repelled me a little, as it sounded like nonsense. A "Gentleman" might prefer blondes; why, I don't know, but for real adult males, not too much involved in trying to play the Gentleman, surely the richer coloured female must be a greater source of satisfaction in many respects. An inherited tan is far more becoming than that produced by sunburn, or out of a battle. Some brunettes may dye their hair, so as to appear blonde—foolish things—but they invariably give the show away by overlooking their eyebrows, and such camouflage cannot in any way spoil their other attributes.

Of course, there are exceptions even in blondes. If we are to believe what we have read, the tall Scandinavian beauties who, in the past, slept bare on couches between bear skins, were very much the thing. We also hear of the fair Normandy peasant, who by special training and adaptability has attained quite special gifts, added to her natural French "je ne sais quoi." But generally we can bunch blondes into two types: the Germanic, blue-eyed, doll-faced, rather va-

cant flaxen-haired female who becomes a good cook, Hausfrau and mother, and later develops into a heavy-set, hard-faced, domineering person; and then there is that other Nordic type, the tall, angular, athletic, un-feminine girl, who never was and can never become a beauty. Let the "Gentleman" prefer blondes, if he wishes, but for me, the other kind.

* * *

Returning now after this digression to the Mexican girl, we must know in the first place, that she is the product of many races. The Spaniards from whom she is partly descended, are a medley of many strains, of mysterious Basques, whose origin is unknown, Celts, allied to the ancient Britons, fair-haired Goths, Andalusians, themselves a mixture of Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Jews, Arabs, all the Medierranean races that successively overran or settled in Spain, whose descendants colonized Mexico, and took natives for their wives. The Mexican aborigines were likewise a medley of races, from the copper-skinned Indians of the North, to the fairer Mayas of the South, with many women of outstanding beauty, such as the tall, erect, vivacious, fine-featured Tehuanas. There is a further admixture of negro blood, especially along the coasts, which has in some measure added its quota to this interesting melting-pot, and certainly to no disadvantage.

We find, therefore, in the average Mexican girl, instead of the uniform paleness of the North, a truly fascinating range of colouring, and, certainly, variety is the spice of life.

The outstanding feature of our subject, is her eyes. They are black, sometimes with a slight blue tinge in the whites, almond-shaped, oriental, deeply expressive, sometimes even provocative, especially when undershadowed. The eye-lashes are long and slightly curled, the eye-brows well arched and ample. Her ears are small and dainty, lying close to the head. Her nose is generally small and straight, with deli-

cate nostrils. The mouth is also nearly always small and well shaped. When she smiles, we see small and regular teeth. Where there is a slight touch of African blood, the mouth is more ample, and more apt to smile easily, and, it is generally agreed, more satisfying for osculation.

Seen in profile, the head is well rounded, and sets gracefully on a well-shaped neck. In full-face one generally sees the classical oval shape, a chin which neither recedes nor projects, the whole effect being not unlike that of an Italian Madonna.

Continuing now our physical survey, we observe that her shoulders are neither too sloping, nor square, but fall quite normally to her well-shaped arms, delicate wrists and small, well cared-for hands.

Our Mexican girl does not generally believe in what has been called "up-lift," nor in trying to augment, nor hide what nature has not given her; but when seen in a sweater, everything seems in its right place, and of natural dimensions. Her waist is small, she has a straight back and all curves seem right and well-proportioned.

It is when we see this delightful person on the beach that we receive a pleasant shock and surprise. We now see a well modelled figure, not as fully developed as a Grecian Venus, but Diana-like in its shape and gracefulness. The lower limbs are nicely proportioned, well-shapped thighs and calves, nicely turned ankles and small dainty feet.

We have now come down to the ground in our physical survey, and have described the outward appearance of the young Mexican girl in more or less adequate words.

Should we not now take some account of her outlook in life, her dreams, hopes, and aspirations? What are her thoughts (if any), on religion, music, the arts, sciences, on politics? Frankly, we would rather not invade this province. For even the most famous philosophers have not been able to fathom the female mind. We have just had a pleasant stroll along the shore, and refuse to be led into deep water.

Version

By Carleton Drewry

SHAPELESS within that void of dark
The Figure, moving pantomime,
Fumbled, and found the flint, and struck
Life from the tinder of all time.

Now through the dimness of our days
Still gleams the genesis of light
Which we have had, shall have, always,
That never can return to night.

It is for this our eyes gaze on
Through the small slits our senses mark
Between the dark of being born
And all our dying in the dark.



Water Color.

By Arthur Faber.

Hospitality in Prison

By Lee Shand

If you are worn-out, run-down and in need of a vacation, yet the condition of your pocketbook precludes a visit to the local health resorts, do not worry. I have just the place for you—my favorite jail!

It does not appeal to you? Why the climate is perfect, the food is fresh, the company—if not in the social register—is at least unique. And best of all, it is absolutely free! There is only one drawback—the fare. For this attractive penitentiary is located at Guadalajara, Jalisco.

It was quite by accident that I found it. For when I started out that day from Guadalajara, I was bound for the pottery works at Tlequepaque, a neighboring town.

The bus was crowded with Indians carrying every sort of merchandise, some of it cackling. Mamas carried Indian babies, staring at us with the wide-eyed, solemn expression peculiar to Indian children. Every few minutes the bus made an unexpected turn which threw all of us onto each others' laps. It made me feel a trifle insecure, but the other occupants were evidently accustomed to it.

When we reached open country there appeared at the turn of the road, a very impressive, castle-like structure. Poking the neighbor on my right, a good-looking young man with a bulging brief case, I inquired if that was the University.

He looked amused. "That's the penitentiary," he replied. "Would you like to visit it? I'm getting off there."

Would I! I scuttled out of that bus as fast as a basket of eggs, two chickens and a crate of vegetables would allow me.

"I'll introduce you to the governor," promised my new acquaintance. "He's a very charming man."

The prison was rectangular in shape with high brick walls surmounted by towers. It extended at least a quarter of a mile. In front of the entrance were two young soldiers much more interested in their conversation with a pretty girl than in keeping bystanders out and prisoners in. However, several armed guards were patrolling the walls.

After I had seen the prison I wondered why they were needed, for I couldn't imagine anyone wanting to break out.

The governor's office was handsomely furnished in carved Spanish oak. It had none of the institutional look. My lawyer friend introduced me as an American social worker interested in prison reform. I hadn't known about that before, myself, but it sounded like an excellent idea. I hope that young men presented as good a case for his client as he did for me.

* * *

The governor, who looked every inch his title, greeted me as though it were a social call and assigned a trusty, a wiry little chap in his sixties, to show me around.

We passed through two double-barred iron doors and entered a huge grass-covered quadrangle surrounded by long, single-storied adobe buildings. There were prisoners scattered all over the field in every conceivable position and occupation. Some were weaving baskets, some playing pelota, a few lay in a characteristic position—on their backs serenely contemplating the heavens without a care in the world. One group was singing harmoniously to the accompaniment of a guitar. It was all very peaceful and the prison uniform of blue denim topped by large straw sombreros served to enhance the impression that this was an enormous hacienda with an unusual number of gentlemen rancheros.

The adobe houses were sparsely furnished but clean and sunny. Many of the walls were decorated with paintings, some religious and many extremely profane, done by prisoners with artistic inclinations. Most of the houses were empty. Even the hospital patients were stretched out on outside cots enjoying the fresh air.

In the rear were small factories where the prisoner might follow his old trade or learn a new one. There were looms, dyeing vats, potters' wheels and woodwork shops. Stretched between the buildings were miles of thread which looked like telegraph wires, but

were really cotton filaments drying in the sun. These were later woven into the coarse, bright Mexican cottons favored by the Indian women for skirts and by the men for fiesta shirts. Work is not obligatory and the prisoner is entitled to any money he receives from the sale of the articles.

My presence did not cause any great excitement. Visitors are frequent and the men may receive their own families in complete privacy. I strolled from group to group enjoying "Muñequita Linda" and "Jalisco" rendered by one matched chorus and a long, serious poem most of which I, with my indifferent Spanish, could not understand, recited by a serious little gentleman who looked like a college professor.

Suddenly I found myself the center of a large and excited group. Realizing that after all I was among felons I became slightly nervous until I realized that each had something in his hand that he was

trying to sell to me. I explained rather awkwardly that I had no room in my limited luggage for serapes, pottery jars, sombreros and baskets; and that if I bought from one I should really buy from all. They accepted my explanation in good part and solemnly shook hands. I was careful to leave a small coin in each outstretched hand.

At first I was under the impression that the care-free gentlemen relaxing in the sun were all minor offenders; so I asked the trusty where those convicted of more serious crime were incarcerated. My guide looked bewildered and waving his hand, indicated the entire expanse.

"That man leaning against the wall, señor, the one who just read his poems, is here because he murdered his wife." Here he made the well-known gesture, drawing a finger across his throat. "The little one who plays now the guitar is a bandit. He plays very well, no?"



Bronze.

By Jimenez Batey.

Latin American Bookshelf

By Hubert Herring

PLEASE TELL ME," said the redhead who sits in the fourth left in my afternoon class, "what books belong on a shelf of Latin Americana. I won't be a specialist, so I don't want overly technical books. I don't read Spanish or Portuguese, so they must be in English." This college girl is speaking for many intelligent readers who want to reserve one corner of their libraries for books on the lands and peoples of Latin America.

The question is not easily answered. There are thousands of books about men and events in the southern republics, and it is sheer presumption to say that two or three dozen of these are the best. I respond to the request with the warning that the list represents my own prejudices. Those prejudices include distaste for travel books filled with moonshine and misinformation and for stuffy books written by unimaginative academics. With this confession, let us list some books that are well written or well translated, that have both substance and life, and that make the peoples and lands of our southern neighbors more real to the intelligent redhead and all her friends. My suggestions are for them.

You will want books on the background of Latin America. That includes the Indians, who were the first Americans. If you do not know them, you will never understand the life of today's Chichicastenango in Guatemala, Huancayo in Peru, Tepoztlán in Mexico. From the stack of excellent books on primitive Indian peoples, I arbitrarily pick three: George Vailant's "Aztecs of Mexico"; Sylvanus G. Morley's "The Ancient Maya"; Philip Ainsworth Means' "Ancient Civilizations of the Andes." Read those and you will clamor for more. You also want to know the Iberian background; so I nominate two books that will help you understand the thinking of the people who discovered and settled the New World: Havelock Ellis' "The Soul of Spain" and Cervantes' "Don Quixote" (in the brilliant new translation by Samuel Putnam). But the African also contributed to the making of present-day Latin America (as of the United States), so you will do well to add Brazilian Gilberto Freyre's "The Masters and the Slaves," an exciting analysis of Brazilian society that tells much about the contribution of the Negro to America.

The discovery, conquest, and settling of the New World by Europeans call for other books. You have not really gotten acquainted with Columbus until you have read Samuel Eliot Morrison's "Admiral of the Ocean Sea." Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico and Conquest of Peru" are as rewarding and stimulating as ever. Bernal Díaz del Castillo, a companion of Cortés, wrote the "True History of the Conquest of New Spain," a classic no reader should omit. F. A. Kirkpatrick's "The Spanish Conquistadores" is an excellent introduction to numerous other bold men. Among the chronicles of eyewitnesses to life in the New World in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, I pick one fascinating item at random: Antonio Vázquez de Espinosa's "Compendium and Description of the West Indies." The record of the three colonial centuries has been so well described and analyzed as to make the choice of a few books exceedingly difficult. Clarence Haring's "The Spanish Empire in America" is the best modern treatment, and reading it will excite the reader to return to Bourne's earlier "Spain in America," and to Merriman's "The Rise of the Span-

ish Empire in the Old World and the New." For light on the Portuguese colonial years in Brazil the poet Robert Southey's "History of Brazil" (published in 1810-19, and hard to find today) is still superb. Bailey Diffie's "Latin American Civilization" has excellent material on both Spanish and Portuguese colonial days. For an ebullient and often partisan interpretation by an intelligent Spaniard, the reader will appreciate Salvador de Madariaga's "The Rise of the Spanish American Empire" and "The Fall of the Spanish American Empire." And for the reader who nurses his Anglo-Saxon superiority and clings to the Black Legend of Spanish perfidy, there is excellent catharsis in Lewis Hanke's "The Spanish Struggle for Justice in the Conquest of America," a spirited exposition of the Christian zeal of Las Casas and other missionaries of the faith.

The wars for Latin American independence during the early years of the nineteenth century are treated with detailed accuracy in numerous volumes, from which one might pick one of the biographies of José de San Martín "Martín," Corti's "Maximilian," Mary Williams, "Dom Pedro I," Jorge Mañach's "Martí," are a few that will help you understand the men who made Latin America. There are other biographies that are either so dull as to be forbidding or so romantic as to be misleading. The fruitful field of Latin American biographical writing is still wide open, and it is to be hoped that aspiring writers—with assistance from foundations—will some day give us scholarly and readable books on such men as Argentina's Rivadavia, Rosas, Mitre, Sarmiento, Alberdi; Brazil's José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva, Joaquim Nabuco, and Padre Feijó; Chile's Diego Portales and Bernardo O'Higgins, Uruguay's Battle y Ordóñez; Mexico's Hidalgo, Morelos, Alamán, Gómez Farías, and many others. There is also room for more books on the various alien soldiers of fortune who have dipped into Latin America for good or ill. Perhaps the best book of this sort is Watt Stewart's "Henry Meiggs, Yankee Pizarro," an excellent account of the scamp who built railroads in Chile and Peru from the 1850's through the 1870's.

Most of the many books on Latin America's relations with the rest of the world are too specialized to attract the general reader. But Dexter Perkins' "Hands Off: A History of the Monroe Doctrine" will find a welcome place on any reader's shelf. From the Latin American angle, Mexican Luis Quintanilla's "A Latin American Speaks" offers delightful reflections on inter-American digressions. And if any reader wants to know how harshly the United States is sometimes judged, he can read Argentine Manuel Ugarte's "The Destiny of a Continent" or Bolivian Gaston Nerval's (a pen name of Raúl Diez de Medina) "The Autopsy of the Monroe Doctrine."

Thanks to the enterprise of intelligent publishers there is a lengthening list of translations of Latin American poetry and prose, such as Rodó's Ariel, Hernández' gaucho epic "Martín Fierro," Palma's "The Knights of the Cape." Many significant novels are now available in English translation, including Azuela's "The Underdogs," Rómulo Gallegos' "Doña Bárbara," Güiraldes' "Don Segundo Sombra," Marmol's "Amalia," López y Fuentes' "El Indio," Ciro Alegría's "Broad and Alien is the World," Eduardo Mal-

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EL ANGELITO. Lithograph.

By Angeles Garduño Macías.

Among our Print Makers

By Guillermo Rivas

ON THE whole it was a quite gratifying experience to view the prints exhibited last month at the Ateneo Español by members of the Sociedad Mexicana de Grabadores. Representing the work of outstanding Mexican artists in black and white, this exhibit revealed to a most convincing degree that by and large these artists, while preserving an earnest concern in the basic requisites of craft and technique, are not blindly following along traditional paths. There was much in this rewarding exhibition which evinced the joy that attends untrammelled, truly personal creative effort.

Recalling the former exhibits of this group, one perceived the valid progress made by not a few of these artists—a fuller command of craft as well as a liberation from repressive or tentative half measures. Most of the artists come before us with evidence of an ampler assurance; appear more mature; speak with greater ease in the language of their craft—and speak, too, in several instances, of weightier matters than used to command their attention. By weightier one does not mean more solemn. One means more searching, vital, fresh and true. It is, perhaps, all in all, the best show this group has ever put on.

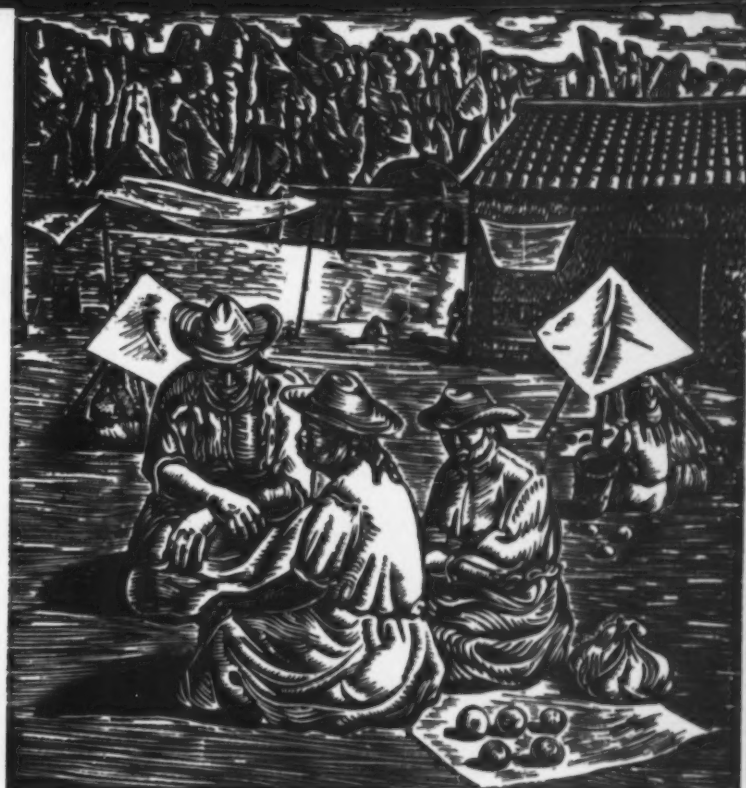
Although their rich and beautifully orchestrated values can be but approximately communicated in reproduction (accompanying this text), the seven prints here shown—"El Angelito," by Angeles Garduño Macías; "Landscape," by Amador Lugo C.; "Tepoztlán" and "Juchitecas," by Manuel Herrera Cartalla; "Cypresses," by José Julio Rodríguez, and the two landscapes by Abelardo Avila—are extremely effective.

Not alone in the lithograph "Rugged Landscape," but equally in the linoleum engraving "Mountain Landscape," does Abelardo Avila assert his dynamic mastery of form. As for Angeles Garduño Macías, it may be doubted whether she has produced from the stone anything more altogether admirable than her dramatic and exquisitely modulated "El Angelito," imaginatively wrought from the point of view of design, and so full of "color."

Conspicuously successful, too, are the linoleum engravings by Manuel Herrera Cartalla, each beautifully balanced, though composed in a somewhat different style. The lithograph "Landscape" by Amador Lugo C. is noteworthy for its soft rich texture and minute design; while the engraving "Cypresses," by José Julio Rodríguez emanates great force through an apparently simple composition.

Some of the remaining artists who took part in this exposition are well known, some not. It is impossible to run inclusively through the list of sixteen, pausing at each for comment. But I certainly should not want to conclude this notice without allusion to the telling work of Celia Calderón, Angel Zamarripa, Francisco Vazquez, Erasto Cortés Juárez, Pedro Castelar, Manuel Echauri, Gabriel Fernandez Ledesma and Feliciano Peña.

The exhibition, quite apart from the interest that attaches to specific works, proves fruitfully suggestive as the sketch of an epoch in our print-makers' art.



TEPOZTLAN. Linoleum Engraving.

By Manuel Herrera Cartalla.



CYPRESSES. Wood Engraving.

By José Julio Rodríguez.



MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE. Wood Engraving.

By Abelardo Avila.



LANDSCAPE. Lithograph. By Amador Lugo.



RUGGED LANDSCAPE. Lithograph.
By Abelardo Avila.



JUCHITECAS. Linoleum Engraving.
By Manuel Herrera Cartalla.

Un Poco de Todo

BURNING OF THE BOOKS

WHETHER the Arab conquerors of Alexandria in A. D. 642 shoveled the books of the famous libraries into the furnaces of the public baths is one of the disputed points of history. If they did, it was the most massive example of book burning, though not the first, and, according to recent reports, not the last. That the violent Arabs of the deserts might have burned the books accumulated over three hundred years by the Greek masters of Egypt seems plausible enough; the interest of the Arabs in all kinds of learning, which was to preserve much ancient literature, came much later than the conquest of Egypt. The case for and against the burning of the books by the Arabs has been ably summed up in a book published just last year by Edward Alexander Parsons. He is inclined to accept the story current in the Middle Ages that it was an Arabian job carried out on the orders of the Caliph at Medina. Those who want to follow the trail of the book burners can find a mass of detailed information in the Parsons book on "The Alexandrian Library."

The story of the burning of the books at Alexandria, if not true, is well found, as the Italians say. The account most often quoted is that of Abul Faraj, thirteenth-century Arab historian. It is as follows:

"John the Grammarian, a famous peripatetic philosopher, being in Alexandria at the time of its capture, and in high favor with Amr (the Arab commander), begged that he would give him the royal library. Amr told him that it was not in his power to grant such a request, but promised to write to the Caliph for his consent. Omar (the Caliph), on hearing the request of his general, is said to have replied that if those books contained the same doctrine with the Koran, they could be of no use, since the Koran contained all necessary truths; but if they contained anything contrary to that book, they ought to be destroyed, and therefore, whatever their contents were, he ordered them to be burnt. Pursuant to this order, they were distributed among the public baths, of which there were a great number in the city, where for six months they served to supply the fires."

For the hard-headed Arabs who were just starting on their great sweep across Africa to Spain and into France the burning of the Alexandrian books appears to have been more than a symbolic protest. They did not build bonfires as the Nazis did in Germany; they stoked the furnaces of the public baths with manuscripts said to number 700,000 in the heyday of the Ptolemys. It was a time of great religious and political turmoil. Saracens were fighting Greeks, Greeks were fighting Persians. Churches were being wrecked as the pagan temples had been wrecked three centuries before. Many stores of books were burned or thrown into the rivers. Alexandria as the greatest center of wealth and culture in the Middle East furnished the outstanding example of the rage to destroy the heritage of the past and start with a clean slate. The wonder is that any books survived the fury of the book burners of the Middle East.

* * *

But we know what a great treasury of books did survive, not only the Arab wars, but also the destructive wars of the centuries before them and the centuries of disorders that followed. There should be a

moral here for latter-day book burners. Libraries have some of the qualities of the phoenix; they seem to rise again from their ashes. Books burned in one place have a way of turning up somewhere else. The search for the "lost" books of antiquity still goes on. If in the days when books were laboriously copied by hand on rolls of papyrus book burners never succeeded in suppressing great books, how futile the burning of books in the days of the printing press!

Considering the antiquity of book burning it is remarkable how little the book burners have accomplished. The Chinese seem to have been first in the book-burning business, as in so many other things. The Ts'in Emperor Shi Hwang-ti, third century B. C., is said to have ordered the confiscation and burning of all the works of the philosophers who had flourished a few centuries before him and all works dealing with the past. He was an early exponent of the suppression of "dangerous thoughts" and he proposed to found a brand-new order of society. The Han dynasty, which followed the Ts'in, undertook to restore the books that had been ordered destroyed. A commission appointed for the purpose found that in many cases the order had been evaded; in others, where all copies had been destroyed, books were rewritten from memory by the acute Chinese scholars. Of the making of books there is no end, and the destruction of books, all history shows, is a labor of Sisyphus.

LIFE AND A GLASS EARTH

Milk, meat, albumen, bacteria, viruses, lungs, hearts—all are protein. Wherever there is life there is protein. Protein is of fairly recent origin, considering the hot state of the earth in the beginning. How the proteins and therefore life originated has puzzled biologists and chemists for generations. Accepting the speculations of the Russian scientist A. I. Oparin of the Soviet Academy of Science, Prof. Harold C. Urey assumes that in its early days the earth had an atmosphere of methane (marsh gas), ammonia and water. Oparin suggested highly complex but plausible mechanisms for the synthesis of protein and hence of life from such compounds.

In a communication which he publishes in "Science," one of Professor Urey's students, Stanley L. Miller, describes how he tested this hypothesis. A laboratory earth was created. It did not in the least resemble the pristine earth of two or three billion years ago; for it was made of glass. Water boiled Oparin's gases. This atmosphere was electrified by what engineers call a corona discharge. Miller hoped that in this way he would cause the gases in his artificial atmosphere to form compounds that might be precursors of amino acids, these amino acids being the bricks out of which multifarious kinds of protein are built. He did much better. He actually synthesized some amino acids and thus made chemical history by taking the first step that may lead a century or so hence to the creation of something chemically like beefsteak or white of egg. Miller is elated, and so is Professor Urey, his mentor.

Biologists long ago accepted the idea that the earliest forms of life did not require oxygen and that the oxygen of our air came chiefly from green plants. Oparin develops this hypothesis. Suppose that he is

Continued on page 49

Literary Appraisals

TORMENT. By Perez Galdos. Translated from the Spanish by J. M. Cohen. Illustrated by Charles Mozley. The Illustrated Novel Library. 312 pp New York: Farrar, Straus & Young.

IN about 1884, Benito Pérez Galdós wrote "Torment" in Madrid—a novel with a diversity of characters reminiscent of Dickens and Balzac. Each of the characters vies for first place in the reader's imagination. The competition is won by two "objectionable" lovers: a neurotic priest and a young orphan girl of passionate and nevertheless vacillating character. At the end of the nineteenth century such affairs among persons who had taken vows of chastity were still considered sacrilegious. Today, in the Galdós novel we only see the commonplace or epic struggle between the natural man and the social man which exists in all of us. The struggle between voluptuousness and responsibility.

The main problem in "Torment" is that of a woman besieged by sensuality, poverty and the desire for social respect. She is saved from her lover—a kind of libertine "mystic"—through weakness, through that quiet strength which occasionally comes out of renunciation and disinterest. But she is not wholly saved. Galdós does not reward the good or punish the wicked, but offers them the reasonable road of compromise. It is not a compromise between the good and the wicked either—for that would be too easy—but between both of them and reality. At the end reality is the only victim and is almost always somewhat vilified.

The theme of the enamored priest was very much to the liking of the Spanish and Portuguese of the period. Clarín, Palacio Valdés, Eca de Queiroz made use of it after Victor Hugo, Stendhal and Zola. But the Spanish naturalistic writers must not be confused with the disciples of Zola, who was then—1884—at the height of his popularity. In France naturalism was a new school. In Spain it was just another dimension of the old realism and appeared as a historical consequence of the first constitutional monarchy. When writers realized that they could write without censorship they started looking for the dangerous motivations of events and the hidden nature of reality. Traditionalism's virtues and old axioms lost their splendor under the pen of Galdós, the Countess Pardo Bazán, and Clarín.

Like "The Spendthrifts" by the same author "Torment" reveals the qualities of the best Galdós: intensity in describing the physical world, harmony of composition, and an interpretative gift more kind than sharp, which should not be taken as a slur on Galdós' sharpness but as praise of his goodness. In his interpretation of persons and things he displays once again the generosity of a Cervantine spirit. There is nothing in his work recalling Zola's fatalistic pessimism.

Galdós' weaknesses are those of the period he lived in: garrulousness, verbosity and polemical eloquence, sanctified under the banner of populism. Poor Galdós and poor Spanish freedoms. The sad situation inside Spain today makes of Galdós a much more actual novelist than Dickens in England or Balzac in France.

The anti-heroes of Galdós have renounced many things. They are often vanquished by money, conventional morality, or simply adversity. Yet behind the bitterness of each experience a new faith is being

born. They will be tricked again but they will not accept deceit as the final answer. Galdós' people seem to be saying to each other: "Life is mean and hard. Sometimes unbearable. But we know better."

The characters of Pérez Galdós know that to live is a constant struggle for life. The fight is heroic or grotesque, or both. If life did not frequently offer us a wise confusion of ideal with necessity, the people's good faith would be inexplicable. In a more or less conscious way the human beings of Galdós direct their energies toward that ideal. All the catastrophes will be futile. For they are like the humble and tenacious ants that begin all over again when their ant hill has been trampled under-foot.

R. S.

THE GYPSY BALLADS OF FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA. Translated from the Spanish by Rolfe Humphries. Indiana University Poetry Series. 64 pp. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.

TRANSLATION is always a trying and thankless art. In the field of poetry its demands on the translator are even unreasonable: its highest achievement is anonymity; and, ironically, to succeed the poet-translator must command a craftsmanship that transcends his individual needs. In simpler words, he must re-create clearly in his own language the color, imagery and music of a foreign tongue; at the same time he must express the emotion and symbolism of a foreign culture. This implies self-effacement, a difficult state for any poet in any language, since poetry is an intense form of personal expression.

Rolfe Humphries has both attained and disavowed this ideal state. The mixed results are understandable, for "The Gypsy Ballads" of Federico García Lorca are so purely Spanish in their conception that the greatest of our poets would have a difficult time transferring their exact beauty and meanings into English. On the whole, however, this is a work worthy of the most discriminating library—whether the poetry is by Federico García Lorca or by Rolfe Humphries.

Superficially, these ballads are all pictorial; they contain nothing discursive; they never strive toward "meaning." Yet their meaning is always there, in terms of the strange contradictions deep in the Spaniard's temperament: cruelty and tenderness, sensuality and grandeur, metaphysics and folklore—all fused into a kind of weeping arrogance, best exemplified in the bullring.

Mr. Humphries can soar like this, without distortion:

Leek of lean silver,
The moon on the wane
Sets yellowish streamers
On yellow towers.

But he can also translate: Temblaban en los tejados/ farolillos de hojalata as Little tinny lights/ Wing across the rooftops—when the literal meaning is, Tiny lanterns of tin/were trembling on tile rooftops.

On the other hand, in the ballad "Thamar and Amnon," he can achieve an almost sublime perfection:

The moon turns in the sky
Over the waterless lands,
While the summertime sows
Rumors of tiger and flame...
The wind was crinkled and came
Woolly with bleatings of cloud.

In Mr. Humphries' rendition, these eighteen ballads are, for the most part, well-contrived and show a delicacy of taste, a subtlety of assonance. By such achievement the dark mystery of "The Gypsy Ballads" is transformed into sunlight, their child-like wonderment at the sensual world, into urbanity.

A sympathetically written and well-informed introduction by L. R. Lind bridges the shadowy hours between García Lorca's twilight folkloric world and Mr. Humphries' civilized daylight.

L. M.

FABULOUS SPAIN. By James Reynolds. Illustrated by the author. 319 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE author of "Fabulous Spain" is at very least a dozen men in one. The painter in him, though he sketches in bold black and white, is everlastingly conscious of every hue the sun shines on. The writer accepts the artist's rainbow vision, while the globe-trotter is ever at his ear, reminding him of comparisons drawn from the far ends of earth. Likewise the architectural critic, steeped in Palladio, is there to pitch on the right word at the right moment. Behind these several selves is the epicure with sensitive palate and agglomerated appetite; the sportsman also, to whom a Spanish bull is an emotion. Present too is the intimate of ghosts, bogies and the fabulous in general, as well as the knowing judge of horseflesh and gypsies. Embracing all is a High Priest in the Temple of Well-being. James Reynolds has a comprehensive personality. With his multi-faceted talent, it is no wonder the Lord made him an Irishman.

Mr. Reynolds' Spain has the added dimension of the new movies in bright technicolor. It is all action. Other travelers may find Spaniards, except in dashing moments of the fiesta or procession, drab enough in their dress. He has the prismatic eye. Place and people are to him one continuous pageant. All is odor, color, light. The author's senses are a-quiver.

The lover of Spain loves to see her glories heightened and the book is far more than a blessing to the

tourist agent. It delights the returned traveler who feels the colors fading as he recollects them in tranquility, and tempts him forth again. The dream may be brighter than the reality, but so it ought to be.

* * *

The sun is high in Mr. Reynolds' zenith but the realities are there below it. His chronicle is careful as it is vivid and this reviewer checking him step by step would question his accuracy on only the most trifling points. The sweep of his picture is complete as anything short of the Guide Bleu could compass. All Spain is there. Mr. Reynolds is no tripper but a consummate traveler.

The reader can only speculate on the time and season of his descriptions, but a book rich and various as this could come only from familiarity engendered by visits repeated and repeated again. A single sin on the author's conscience is to be reported. There is no index.

E. S.

SPAIN IN THE MODERN WORLD. By James Cleugh. 339 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE British author and journalist, James Cleugh, has written a one-man symposium on Spain with all the virtues and vices of the conglomerate book. Here we have every possible subject from geography to finance, from the Phoenicians to the Falangists, from internal politics to relations with every single country of Europe and the Western hemisphere.

Since it would take a dozen experts to do justice to such encyclopedic ambitions, there is a human degree of superficiality and error. The book is necessarily uneven—excellent in its descriptions and interpretations of the Spanish people and society, for instance, and extraordinarily careless in the section on the recent civil war. There are something like eighteen or twenty errors in less than a dozen pages.

Mr. Cleugh allows his bias to run away with him in that section whereas he is normally an acute and

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sympathetic spectator. In all contemporary works on Spain there is the great divide between pro and anti-Franco opinions and this is not to be crossed or argued about in a brief review. The author is wholeheartedly pro-Franco.

"Spanish 'liberalism'," he writes, "which began with the Cadiz Constitution (1812) always has and always will represent only a strangely mixed minority of cosmopolitan intellectuals and illiterate opportunists. Spain is not and never will be a 'democratic' country."

The important thing is that Mr. Cleugh has done a book which has a lot of meat and very little poison. On the whole, it can be consumed with pleasure and profit.

H. L. M.

YANKEE DIPLOMACY: U. S. Intervention in Argentina.
By O. Edmund Smith Jr. 196 pp. Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press.

THIS little book is an excellent example of how a determined scholar can piece together a careful selection of historical material and—although none of it is "new"—produce a work whose impact is fresh, strong and exceedingly valuable. What O. Edmund Smith has done is to trace the record of United States policy toward Argentina, in terms of standard diplomatic sources—the memoirs of Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles are prominent among them—and to append less than three pages of conclusions of his own.

His primary finding is like a sharp summary of his entire work, which is in itself a remarkably concise and tightly written handbook of warning against the tactic of intervention in the diplomacy of the Western Hemisphere.

The slim volume takes on a special timeliness in view of the recent assertion by former Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden (whose futilely aggressive stand against Perón in 1945-46 is recounted

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by Mr. Smith) that a suppression of international communism in Guatemala, "even by force *** by one or more of the other republics, would not constitute an intervention in the internal affairs of the former."

Although a legalistic case may be made for collective, rather than unilateral, intervention—a distinction of which Mr. Smith naturally takes note—there is no doubt that Mr. Braden's remarks shocked many of the Latin nations besides Guatemala and were of considerable embarrassment to the State Department.

Anyone who cannot understand the sensitivity of the Latin nations to intervencionismo will get an excellent refresher course from Mr. Smith's taut account of the hemisphere policy of the Presidents from Theodore Roosevelt through Calvin Coolidge.

Secretary of State Hull was instrumental in shifting the balance, at the Montevideo meeting in 1933. (The Tennessean himself had been advised by White House Secretary Louis M. Howe to "just talk *** about the Pan-American Highway.") Despite occasional setbacks, and recurrent indecision on the question of recognition of new regimes, Washington has made more relative progress toward gaining Latin-American confidence since 1933 than it has toward completing the Pan-American Highway.

M. B.

HIGH JUNGLES AND LOW. By Archie Carr. Illustrated with drawings by Lee Adams and photographs. 226 pp. Gainesville: University of Florida Press.

PROFESSOR of Biology at the University of Florida and well known as a herpetologist, Archie Carr now shows that he can handle words as well as turtles and snakes; that he can write about people



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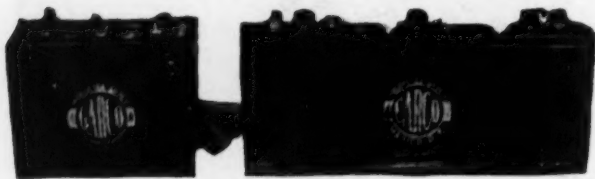
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and forests engagingly and accurately without recourse to fake adventures or gringo condescension. He taught for five years at the Agricultural School that the United Fruit Company maintains near Tegucigalpa in Honduras, and fell in love with the people and the land. He tries here to tell us about these—about the cloud forests, the cowboys, the "sweet sea" of Nicaragua, the agricultural students, the majestic forests and effervescent humans of the Mosquito Coast.

As Mr. Carr points out, we seem to have forgotten all about our wartime resolve to be a "Good Neighbor" to the countries to the south of us and instead we now talk about "Hemispheric Solidarity." Anyone can understand the idea of being a good neighbor, but only a diplomat can get excited about the concept of hemispheric solidarity, which puts things at a level of inter-governmental operation and leaves the people out. Mr. Carr wants to get back to the people.

His book is divided into four parts, each handled in a different way. The first section, on "The Land," is descriptive, written in an avocative prose that is sometimes very effective, sometimes merely precious and sometimes obscure. It includes a candid and common sense chapter on yanqui relations with Latin America that will, I am afraid, never be read by the blundering do-gooders at whom it is aimed. The second section, "People in the Land," is anecdotal and it skillfully conveys a feeling for the ordinary different from his yanqui counterpart, but equally human.

The third section, "The Sweet Sea," is essentially a sketch of the checkered history of Nicaragua in which the role of the United States has generally been disgraceful. The last section, "Halls of the Mountain Cow," is a diary of a month spent on a timber cruise in the uninhabited rain forest of the Mosquito Coast with tapirs (mountain eoks), peccaries, pumas, monkeys and an occasional snake.

This book is a curious mixture of disconnected subjects and methods of treatment. I have the feeling that this is deliberate, that the author is experimenting with ways of writing as he might experiment with ways of collecting frogs. Probably no one will like all of the experiments, but I found the total effect refreshing as well as informative.

M. B.

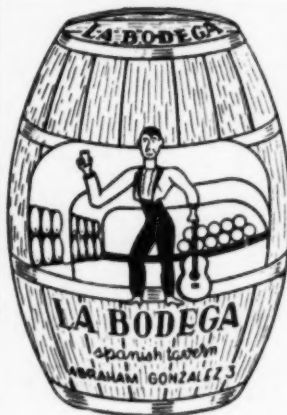
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Current Attractions

GAY TANDAS AT THE LIRICO

By Vane C. Dalton

WAY BACK in the twenties, when I was beginning these monthly annotations on the local stage, considerable portions of this space were frequently assigned to the Teatro Lirico. This, as I remember it now, was quite justified, for the Lirico in those days was an undeniably important institution. For all its frivolity, for all its grossness and ribaldry, it was, in fact, the nearest thing to an authentic Mexican theatre we had in this city.

Indeed, with our legitimate dramatic stage then largely dedicated to the purveyance of Spanish "astracanadas," and with the confections of our few Mexican playwrights likewise evolved along this moth-eaten Spanish pattern, the Lirico, with the portly buffoon Roberto Soto at its helm, did not only present a merciless burlesque on this kind of theatre; it actually boldly defied the whole scheme of our respectable mores. It voiced the uncouth and mordant humor of the underdog, and it was as thoroughly Mexican as pulque or tortillas.

In its social genesis, the Lirico, smelly, bedraggled—center of nocturnal gayety in the pozole regions of Calle de la Republica de Cuba—aesthetically and ideologically was a direct outgrowth of the Revolution. It was the home of the "vacilada," the place where the "peladito," the rowdy denizen of the lowly vecindad, as impersonated by the inimitable Roberto Soto and his worthy and resourceful aides, Juquin Paredavé, Chato Rugama, Esperón and Iglesias, assumed a

new heroic stature. Thumbing his nose at the plutocracy, at the smug and the righteous, the wobegone yet happy peladito spouted in his own pungent lingo a Rabelaisian line of mirth that even the "respectable público" found endlessly diverting. Engaged in a game of ludere cum sacris, Soto and his compañeros were the scourge of profiteers, of venal politicians and megalomaniac caudillos. In their own lowly fashion they presented a mordant critique which had widespread repercussions.

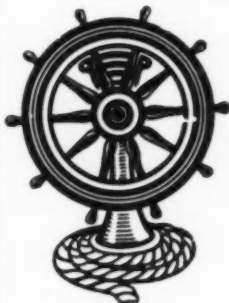
Naturally, the tandas at the Lirico were not entirely made up of waggish lampoonery. Soto's stentorian double-talk was a highly seasoned dish in a quite varied menu. Song and dance were the mainstay. There was the enchanting Lupe Velez (then at the outset of her brilliant career which brought her ultimate fame in Hollywood) in a friendly rivalry with the equally seductive Celia Montalvan, as leading soubrettes, nightly knocking the roof off the house. There was also the trio Garnica-Ascencio adorned in China Poblana finery rendering the latest hits by Tata Nacho, Esparza Oteo or Guty Cárdenas; a mellifluous tenor with a heart-rending repertoire of Argentinian tangos; toe-dance numbers by Isa Marque, Anita Barcelo or Eva Beltri; the dangling pantaloone type of hooper-comedians, and, of course, the assembly of tiples segundas, the dancing chorus, which, although hardly measured up to Ziegfeld standards and worked with more energy than grace, if one was not too exigent, was not too hard to look at. And there was

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a crowd of men in the orchestra pit who could elicit from their drums, cornets and saxophones a volume of sound to match a boiler factory.

On the whole, in an era of shuttered store-windows, of somnolent horsecabs, of solitary watchmen carrying lanterns and blowing their mournful whistles, the Teatro Lirico was a gay oasis—the rendezvous for the venturesome and pleasurebent noctambulist, for the native bohemia, the elegant slumming parties, for the unwary families of provincianos, and the tired business man.

* * *

The Teatro Lirico I knew in my youth is gone. Don Roberto has retired from the footlights years ago, while practically all of the original components of his troupe are either dead or have also retired. However, the ancient building in Calle Republica de Cuba, having miraculously escaped the wrecker's pick, still stands where it always stood, and is doing business. As in bygone years, the immediate neighborhood, with its honkytonk cabarets, its redolent antojito dispensaries and tequila dramshops, reflects in its peculiar "ambiente" the sportive influence of this venerable playhouse. It is yet a place, a rumbo, of definite character. The Lirico is yet an institution. But like everything else in this swiftly altering, this explosively expanding city it is not what it used to be.

The Lirico has, so to speak, fulfilled its historical mission, and though it yielded to inevitable change it left an enduring legacy. The peladito genre of comedy purveyed in bygone years by the Falstaffian Don Roberto Soto has become a staple item on our boards and is being to this day quite successfully exploited on the stage and screen by such popular comedians as Cantinflas, Palillo and Tin Tan. The old Li-

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rico has undoubtedly created a lasting tradition, and to some extent this tradition survives on its own boards. Our respectable público—and it has grown markedly more respectable with the passing of years—still delights in the uncouth antics of the ragamuffin, in the gross persiflage, the slapstick hilarity of the vecindad back-end patio. But on the current bills of the Lirico this kind of comedy has declined from the status of a *pièce de résistance* to a minor and innocuous detail. Only an echo remains of Don Roberto's raw and roughshod drollery. The Lirico, like its public, has truly gone respectable. The show it now puts on is strictly "para familias."

And in all it is not a bad show. If you should find yourself inclined for a change to forego the movies, or have grown weary of the somewhat heavy fare offered by our sundry "little theatres," a tanda at the Lirico might prove amply rewarding. I confess that I have not gone near the place in years and that I went there recently largely because such old-timers as Toña la Negra, Agustín Lara and Pedro Vargas were featured in the bill.

Titled "Noches del Politeama," the bill was formed of two prolonged acts each featuring its own orchestra and a cast of singers, dancers and comedians. The popular composer Agustín Lara headed one of the acts, while the orchestra leader Ary Barroso headed the other. Essentially a musical revue, the bill offered short comedy turns and a variety of music, song and dance.

It was pleasant to hear Toña la Negra and Pedro Vargas sing some of Lara's early favorites, and some of the other features, such as the excellent modern dance ensemble by Walter Nicks, or the crooning of the Spaniard Juan Legido, were equally pleasing. It was in the comedy skits that the bill seemed a bit colorless and tepid. The acting was poor and the lines lacked pungency or punch. But then perhaps I was prejudiced by the nostalgic intrusion of hilarious ghosts; perhaps the echo of the bellyraising guffaws produced by Roberto Soto and his matchless crew was still, after all these many years, resounding in my ears.



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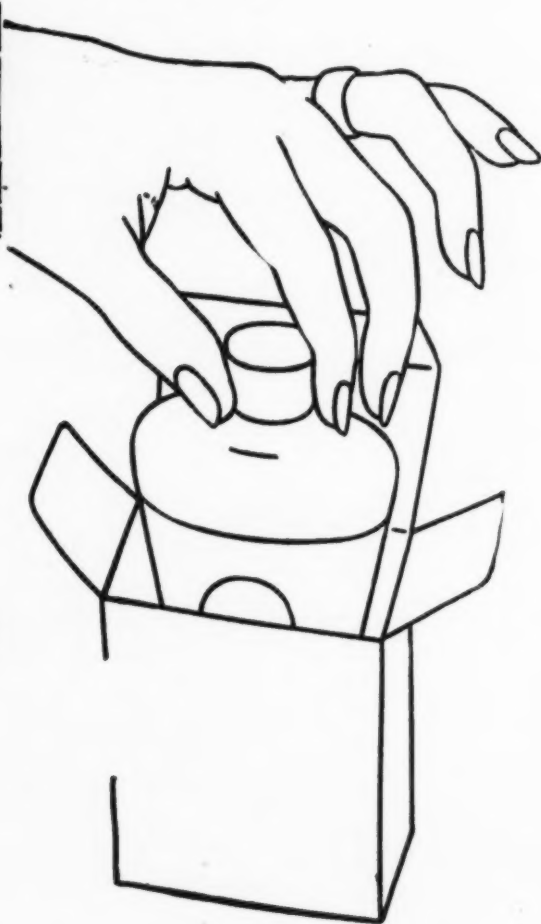
Art and Personal Notes

THE comprehensive exposition of Mexican art, from ancient to popular and modern, which was organized by the National Institute of Fine Arts and during the past twelve months presented in various cities of Europe, is now being presented to the local public at the Palacio de Bellas Artes.

THE Mexican-North American Institute of Cultural Relations (Avenida Yucatan No. 63) offered in the course of last month a voluminous and varied exposition of prints and water colors by the accomplished American artist William Stanton Forbes.

The catalogue of this exposition, comprising a total of a hundred and eighteen works, contains the following introductory note by the art critic Justino Fernandez: "Fantasy, sensitiveness, humor, gracefulness, real technical knowledge and profound sense of life are to me some of the main characteristics in the art of William Stanton Forbes. The inspiration of Mexico has added a new and rich aspect to his expression. I have no doubts in stating that his paths are not common."

THE publication "Problemas Agrícolas e Industriales de México" is sponsoring at this time an exposition of forty and some odd lithographs by Raúl Anguiano, at the Galeria Arte Contemporaneo (Calle de Ambarés No. 12). Titled, "A Plastic Biography of the Agrarian Reform," the collection largely consists of portraits of men who figured with prominence in the achievement of this reform.



F ORCEFULLY traced crayon drawings by Guillermo Meza were shown through the first two weeks of August by the Galeria de Arte Moderno (Calle Milán No. 18). Following this exhibit, the above gallery is presenting a group of newer paintings by Alfonso Michel, a Mexican painter of an arresting personality.

L ANDSCAPES, still life and portraits in oil by Leopoldo Estrada make up the quite interesting exposition currently offered by the Arte Moderno gallery (Calle de Roma No. 21).

A MURAL painting of monumental proportions, recently executed by Rufino Tamayo, is being exhibited at this time at the Salon de la Plastica Mexicana (Calle de Puebla No. 154). Tamayo was commissioned to paint this mural by the Dallas (Texas) Art Museum. Like most of his work, it is abstract in theme, wrought in a rich and tenuous palette in contrast with a sharp interplay of shadow and light and a bluntly angular composition.

Jointly with this one-man, one-work exposition, a collection of paintings by various contemporary Mexican artists is shown on the upper floor of this gallery.

P AINTINGS on Mexican themes by Nancy Van Overveldt Ruge are being introduced to the public at the Casino del Arte (Calle de Milán No. 28). The artist, who was born in Holland and after a sojourn in Paris came to Mexico a year ago, combines in her work semi-abstract forms with a primitive style.

G ALERIA ARS (Calle de Niza No. 38) offered during the month of August a show of paintings by the American artist Philip Stein. The exhibit includes portraits, landscapes and studies ruggedly brushed in pyroxylin.



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THE "José Clemente Orozco" exhibit gallery (Avenida Peralvillo No. 55) is presenting a group exhibit of paintings in oil and water color, drawings and prints, the work of more than forty artists, comprising a symposium on arboreal themes. The highly valuable exhibit, patronized by the Ministry of Agriculture, has been organized as a cultural event to promote the cause of forest conservation.

SCULPTURE by Humberto Peraza and Octavio Ponzanelli—two artists of quite distinct manners and moods—is being shown at the Galeria Romano (Jose Maria Marroqui No. 5).

ALARGE collection of drawings by members of the Circulo de Bellas Artes de Mexico comprises this month's exhibit at this circle's gallery (Calle de Lisboa No. 48).

PEPE ROMERO, who writes the "Un Momentito" column in the local daily paper "The News," and who on the side is also a gifted painter of marked originality and force, is the autor of an autobiographical volume, titled "Mexican Jumping Bean," which is being published this month by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Latin American Bookshelf

Continued from page 29

leia's "The Bay of Silence," Graca Aranha's "Canaan," Carneiro's "The Bonfire," Amado's "The Violent Land," Verissimo's "Time and the Wind." Speaking of translations, a word of warm appreciation goes to the translators, among whom Harriet de Onís and Samuel Putnam deserve special mention. Putnam, who died recently, was responsible not only for the brilliant translation of "Don Quixote," but for his rendering of two of the greatest books of Brazil (or of all America, for that matter)—Freyre's "The Masters and the Slaves," and Euclides da Cunha's "Rebellion in the Blacklands," a graphic epic of Brazil's frontier struggles.

And so, my redhead friend, there's a list for you. I have left out dozens of excellent books, many of which may be quite as important and exciting as those I have included. But perhaps these will keep you busy for a while.

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Patterns of an Old City

Continued from page 16

Let me tell you something about it: My own father wished to assure my future; he thought that I was entitled to a good education; but after two years at college, as result of a minor, quite silly incident (I let my fists fly at a professor in classroom), I ran away and spent three years on the bum. I came out of it when I enlisted in the first war, but I was still climbing the slippery path. It was your mother's money that got us started in business, and I have to admit that it was her drive and efficiency that kept me all these many years sweating at the grindstone. Frankly, I never felt that to operate a hardware store in Masonville was worth all that fuss. Your mother, I must add, has always been too bossy and efficient, and it was only while you and your sisters were very small, when you were helpless and loving, that I felt there might be some compensation in having you and in trudging along the rut I fell into. But underneath there was always in me that streak of nonconformity, a thirst for something which not even the bottle could fully appease (please don't think that I am trying to justify my dereliction), and so despite everything I did I was still like the man in the nightmare."

He reached the end of a sheet, placed his pen atop a stack of other written sheets on the table, and picked up the bottle off the floor. The stuff scorched his throat this time, and though he hated to dilute the after-taste, he rose from his chair, paced across the room and took several swallows of water out of the jug on the bed-table. For a while he stood at the window staring at the brick wall across the court, then returned to his seat, took a fresh sheet and continued writing.

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fling city, and the time is around me and I know it is here, but the knowledge is not too oppressive, it does not grow on me, it does not expand into a torment. But it did while I was in that institution. It was there with me; it was always with me, as it had been during the years I was in the pen. It was the same ordeal, and in some ways even worse. Here it was not only the fear of time. It was the fear of losing the final hold on myself, the fear of being unable to preserve my identity, my detachment from the environment, my isolation from morbid contamination—the fear of being unable to preserve sanity in the midst of madness.

I tried my best to explain this to them, and for a time I thought that they actually understood. Dr. Galbraith seemed sympathetic, he seemed to perceive the specific nature of my case, and it looked as if he was really trying to help me. But then I discovered that it was a sham, that he was the same as all the rest of them. Nothing indeed can break through their professional shell. It is all a cut-and-dried routine. In the end I traced beneath his apparent kindness a cruel hypocrisy, a malevolent astuteness. I discovered that all he was actually trying to do was to trap me. So I still could not learn how to "do" time. But I

learned how to defend myself employing the same means of deceit and astuteness that my tormentors used against me. It was a cowardly kind of game, but it was all I could do.

It was not that I was truly eager to get out in order to return to my former life. I knew that I could never go back to it, for it was definitely finished. There was to be sure nothing to go back to. In every practical sense I was totally dead. Your mother—that stalwart and efficient woman—had taken over the business from the very start and was managing it ably, as she is doing now, and I am sure that neither you or your sisters missed me very much. My return, I felt, would be an awkward intrusion, a breach of an established and for all intents and purposes quite normal and satisfactory routine; it would involve a readjustment which none of us, I feared, was prepared to face or would be able to achieve. I wanted to get out of the place not because I wished to go home—I knew that such place was nonexistent; I wanted to get out so as to free myself of the torment of time.

But I did go back, as you well remember, and faced a grand homecoming. There was no brass band or reception committee at the station when I got off the train at night in a drizzling rain. None of you were there, because I thought it would be better this way, better to kind of sneak in unobtrusively, to give you a little surprise. And the reception I got when I walked through the door was more than I deserved. A rare guest, an unearthly caller, had arrived in the dark of the night—a truant ghost had returned from the netherworld. No fatted calf, of course, no gay celebration. Still, a quiet, a very proper undemonstrative welcome.

Yes; your mother is an efficient and practical woman. The idea was not to make any fuss, to sort of hide for a while, to emerge gradually, to "lay low," so to speak, while the thing blew over. It would be best, she suggested, that I take it easy at home, that I keep away from the store for the time being, that it would be wiser to avoid conspicuousness. That was the obvious thing to do. She managed the business without me through all these years, managed it well despite the stigma I brought on, and she could surely do it a while longer. Besides, I was not entirely free. It

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was not a final discharge, just a kind of probation, for I was yet on parole. I was in her custody. I was her charge—I was the cross she and all of you had to bear, to bear quietly, without complaint, and, one hoped, with the least amount of notoriety.

So there I was home again; but being there was a new kind of entombment, an incarceration of the spirit, which rendered my physical freedom almost useless. You would say that time lay heavy on my hands; but these same words placed differently reveal the final truth: the heavy hands of time lay over me. I was yet in their grip.

And, my dear Arthur, for all our efforts to the contrary, the return of Masonville's prominent citizen, the re-emergence of Mr. William Stapleton, did not pass entirely unobserved or unrecorded. There was, you remember, a note about it in the paper—a pretty funny-sounding note (old Peasley got his chance to vent his spleen, to swagger his high skill at flinging righteous invective, because in my flourishing days I had been probably a bit too stingy with my advertising space). No mincing of words. Straight and to the point. Well, not exactly a case of a homicidal maniac free and footloose in our midst, but, with all due allowances and so on, a standing menace to society and to say the least a case of flagrant official carelessness. He followed it up pretty steadily by other similar effusions.

I don't know why I am digging it all up now. Surely, these are not the things I wanted to tell you. I just thought I would let you know something about myself, about the life I lead here, talk about the place and the people and their ways—this city, for instance. I suppose it's a quite interesting place. Sort of big and sprawling and up-pushing. A bit noisy, raw and crude—kind of arriviste, you might call it. Too much contrast in it between its present bursting progress and its static past, between its shiny opulence and grim privation; kind of lacks integration or harmony. But it has its charm. There is a fine park with a lake and ancient trees. Band music on Sundays. People driving around in cars; men prancing on horses. The streets are always crowded and full of interesting sights, and then there is the bull ring, but I haven't seen that yet.

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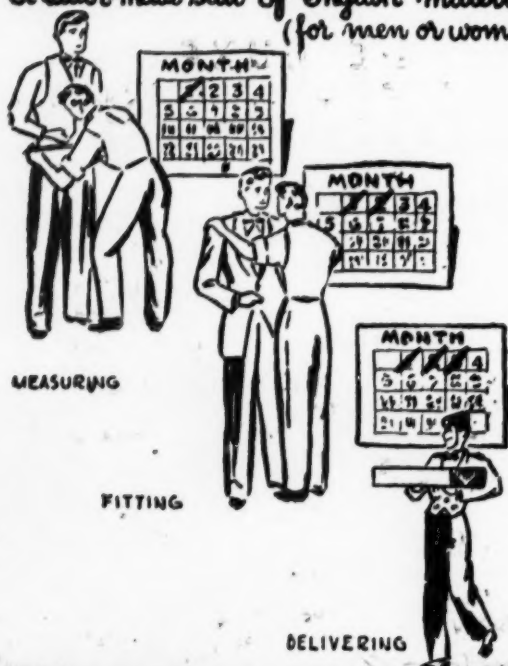
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From all this you 'll probably imagine that in running away from you all, guided by a purely selfish motive, I have found a delightful place for an easy and carefree existence. I say went away, because actually I had not been cast out or driven away. That is the obvious aspect. But there is much more to it, and I hope that as you grow older you will understand. I hope that I might be able even now to make you understand why I had to free your very efficient, your completely self-sufficient mother—and you children who after all bear no blame in this whatever—of this onerous charge, why the day my parole was over and I was legally free, I decided to go my own way. It was simply because I was not needed. I was not needed anywhere—at the house, at the store, in the town, not even in your mother's bed.

Again, I hardly know why I am telling you this, for I doubt very much if you are sincerely curious or concerned about it. Still, I guess I owe that much to you, now that you are of age and might have a mind of your own. I still have an obligation with you. I am your father. I gave you your existence, which is probably not much, not very much; so as far as that goes you are under no obligation to me. In writing this I am probably impelled by nothing more than a perverse desire to preserve in your mind the knowledge of my own inglorious and quite worthless existence, or merely perhaps to give you a fairly accurate picture of a man called William Stapleton who is your father."

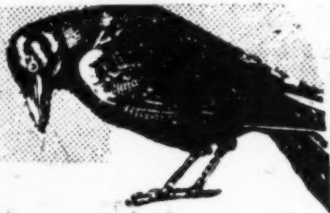
He came to the end of another sheet, picked up a new one, but his hand paused trembling, and as he stared at the blank paper a total blankness invaded his mind. He picked up the sheaf of written pages, commenced to read at random here and there, then clasp them all firmly in his hands tore them to bits. For a while he sat staring at the barren wall, then reached for the bottle.

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Un Poco de Todo

Continued from page 33

right, and suppose further that a living cell came out of some broth of the right composition. Millions of years would have to elapse before anything much higher would evolve; for evolution is a slow process. It is not an impossibility that a few generations hence synthetic muscle will be created, which will not be alive but which can be stretched just as we stretch our living muscles, which will spring back when released and which will even twitch when it is poked. These are only wild surmises as yet. But Miller, treading on firmer ground, dwells on the possibility of improving his technique so that amino acids may be produced in factories, which would in itself be an extraordinary accomplishment.

Mexico's Day of Independence

Continued from page 20

event that there took place—the greatest event of a nation's history.

Or again, if you chance to be in San Miguel de Allende (which is the name today of Ignacio Allende's birthplace and lifelong home, San Miguel el Grande), you may look with greater appreciation upon the inscription over the door of Allende's house, on the main plaza, and the tablet which proclaims him "Primer Caudillo de la Libertad," and exhorts the passerby not to look upon that house unmoved.

But most of all, if you are anywhere in Mexico on any 16th of September, a knowledge of what happened on that original Day of Independence, and the people who gloriously made that day, will surely give deeper significance to the Grito, the bands, the parades, the waving flags, the speeches and recitations, the Roman candles blazing against the night, a shower of mul-

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A Night in the Yaqui Country

Continued from page 18

had treated some of the Yaquis and had no fear of them. Suddenly both front tires went flat. Coming to a bumping stop, he got out to see what the trouble was. He found that the road was crossed by a row of hardwood stakes, buried, points up, in the dust.

"Looking up, he faced the muzzles of three thirty-three rifles in the hands of Yaquis. In the shadows were others mounted on their horses, silently watching the proceedings. The doctor realized that there was little he could do about such a situation, so when they ordered him to take his kit and mount a horse that was standing by, he obeyed. No explanations were asked or offered as they rode silently away through the giant cacti."

We rounded a bumpy curve in the road, and there were some lights ahead of us.

We could see now that the lights were from windows in bullet-scarred adobe huts. There were dying cookfires in some of the back yards.

In front of the fort a sentry stepped out and compared our license number with a slip of paper. Evidently the first fort had phoned our description ahead.

"How is the road north?" I asked, knowing by now what the answer would be.

"Muy fino," lied the sentry, and followed our passing with an "Adios" that was echoed by several of his fellows who were lounging and smoking in front of the fort.

We passed the small cultivated area and were soon enveloped in the ever-present thorn forest again.

"Say, how about that Yaqui Gold Story?" I asked really interested at last in this unusual yarn.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "The doctor was led through the night for many miles, until finally the Bacatete Mountains loomed ahead. As they entered the first gloomy canyon, light was breaking in the east. Here he was dismounted, fed, and blind-folded. Late that afternoon, after what seemed to be endless mountain trails, they arrived at the home of the chief of the mountain Yaquis.

"Here, he was relieved of the blindfold and ushered at once into a room where lay a sick girl, the

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daughter of the chief. Her father was standing over her when he entered and looking up said. 'Ah, you have come at last! We have tried all the cures known to the medicine men and, hearing from some of the braves of your ability, I sent for you. You will be rewarded according to what you accomplish. If the girl lives, you shall have all the gold you can carry—but if she dies, you shall die also.'

"Fortunately the girl's malady was one that the doctor was able to relieve, and in a few days she was up and about again. Convinced that the doctor had saved his daughter's life, the chief ordered Lim blindfolded again. This time he was led along a winding foot trail and down several flights of stairs. The damp, cool atmosphere proclaimed the fact that they were in a cave. His blindfold was finally removed and, there in the flickering light of the torches, he saw a wonderful sight. Stacks of small gold bars were arranged along the wall, literally tons of them. Besides these, there were piles of golden ornaments. Some were recognizable as loot from cathedrals, while other massive pieces must have belonged in Aztec temples, long overgrown by jungles.

"The chief explained that, although the Yaquis have considerable gold in their hills and stream beds, by far the greater part of the treasure had been accumulated by the forefathers of this warlike tribe in raids all over Mexico. 'Someday with this great wealth we hope to buy back the land and independence of the Yaqui people!' he added.

"The doctor was allowed to take what gold bars he could carry in his case, and, after blindfolded wanderings, was finally released with his precious burden. They told him where he could find his car with the tires repaired."

Time had almost stood still for us as we bumped along the dark dusty trail that was the road to Guaymas. We could not have averaged more than twelve miles an hour, but even this speed will get you someplace if it is continued long enough. Finally we could see another fort ahead, this time a newer one. A spot

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of moonlight had broken through the clouds and reflected on the whitewashed walls.

A sleepy sentry came forward and asked us if we had seen any Indians. Upon being assured that we had not, he appeared relieved and asked if we had a match. Remembering that I had a large box of American matches in the pocket of the car, and knowing how much they are prized by these people, I presented him with the entire box. His gratitude was profound. No one awake had a watch, but he judged it to be after twelve o'clock.

"Better, Señores y Señoras, if you would stay here till morning," he said. "Accommodation could be found, and the road ahead is rough and dangerous."

We assured him that we were not afraid of the Yaquis and drove on. No, we weren't afraid of the Yaquis, but the shadows under the giant cactus did sometimes remind us of riders standing silently along the trail. The moon had gone under the clouds again, and the road had an even more foreboding appearance. Our friend had apparently talked himself out and was dozing. I was just seriously considering waking him so that it wouldn't be so quiet, when the night was shattered by a deafening roar.

I stopped the car in its tracks, expecting any moment to see the muzzles of Yaqui rifles come through the windows of the car. No, I wasn't afraid of the Indians—not much.

Finally my wife broke the silence. "You know, John," she said, "that sounded an awful lot like a blowout."

Usually when I get out of my car to find a tire very flat, it is by no means a happy occasion. Let me tell you that this flat tire was one of the pleasantest sights I have ever come upon.

The tire was soon changed and we rumbled down the road again. Our friend seemed to feel like another story, and I was glad to have something to keep me awake.

"You know," he commenced, "there is one story told about the Yaqui country that always sort of makes me laugh. A German widower and his two daughters moved into the foothills of the Bacatete Mountains, and started a farm. They found a spot where they could divert a small stream and irrigate a parcel of rich land.

"Here they lived for some time and were bothered by no one. The Yaquis, passing by, seemed friendly enough and were glad for the presents of melons and garden truck that the settlers offered them. Finally some of the Indians brought small nuggets that they gave the German for the things they wished, and this was eventually their downfall.



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"Finally came a day when, emboldened by his friendship with these people, he set out (against their oft-expressed warnings) to do a bit of prospecting of his own. The Yaquis saw him at his task, and when he reached home a deputation was awaiting him.

"What is the matter?" he asked, looking from one to the other of the hostile faces about him. "What are you here for?"

"You shall soon see!" said the leader. "You should have known better than betray the friendship of the Yaqui people!"

"They systematically went through all his possessions, taking everything of value. They drove his stock into a band and started them up the trail. Then they tied the old gentleman and cut off his left ear. When the pain had subsided sufficiently for him to look around he saw that his home was in flames and that they were carrying away his two buxom daughters, kicking and screaming, tied to the back of a mule.

"Crazed with fear and pain, the German finally reached one of the Mexican forts. Here he told his pitiful story, but found little sympathy. The Yaquis had been behaving peaceably for a long time now, and an expedition after stolen daughters would only bring on another war. They reminded him that he knew the chance he took when he went into the country.

"Brokenhearted, the old man returned to Mexico City and devoted all his energies to organizing a party to rescue his daughters. After several years he was able to get a detachment of soldiers to see if his daughters were still alive. He found the girls easily enough, and they were both good, healthy mothers. They were glad to see their father and all that, but when he asked them to come with him, they placidly refused. They had been forced to marry Yaqui husbands, and apparently had learned to like it.



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The sky was clearing now, and over to our left we could see the reflection of the moon in the gulf. We rounded a curve, and ahead were the lights of Empalme. With a sigh of relief we recognized other lights farther on as Guaymas.

The road became better, and it was not long before we were knocking for admittance at the huge front entrance of the old "Gran Hotel Almada." Finally a sleepy servant arrived and opened the gates so we could drive the car into the patio.

"Señores," he exclaimed, "you did not come from the south in the night?"

"We certainly did," was our reply. The boy trudged off to find our rooms, mumbling something about the "loco Americano."

With the first storm over in the Sierras and water in the Sonora River deep enough to float the native ferries or "pongos," we entertained no fears for the morrow. The road north was in good shape and of Yaqui territory.

We could only think how like a bad dream our trip through the night had been. It seemed so unreal here, as we sat munching a two a.m. lunch, and watching the pattern a low-hanging moon made on the rippling waters of Guaymas Bay.

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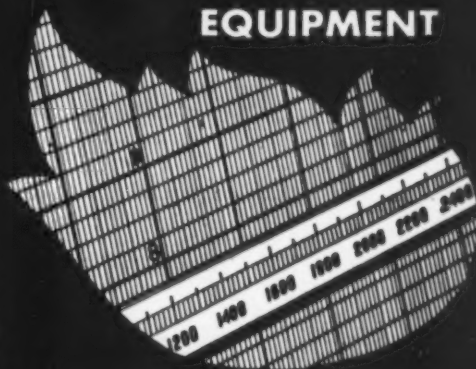
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Mme. Palavandova

Continued from page 22

During the evening the entire household had been involved in attending to the needs of our new guest—all save one. At midday the following day, I saw her too, leaning on her broom in the passage outside the best bedroom and contemplating with some curiosity the chief trophy of her morning's cleaning, a shell-pink hairnet.

"It sees itself that the señorita's hair is of the most rare color underneath," said Lola, looking up. "Won't you lend me a hundred pesos?" she added inconsequently.

"No."

She carefully stowed the hairnet in a small pocket of her apron and grasped her broomstick firmly with both hands.

"They make me much lack, pues," she said.

I said a hundred pesos was a lot of money to lend to anyone. I said it was far too much.

Lola waddled a few steps along the passage and swept a cobweb with her broom. Then she came back and stood in front of me, looking at the floor. She sighed.

"You see, señor, it's like this. The money's not for me. It's for my brother-in-law; that's to say it's for my sister so that she can give it to him so that he won't sell her little pigs. She loves her little pigs." Lola paused and sighed again. "You see, my brother-in-law owes some money to a señor who makes candles and isn't very nice, and the money's for that señor, and if he isn't paid he'll make my brother-in-law sell his mound of maize on which my sister feeds her pigs, but now he won't let her have any more of it and he wants her to sell her pigs instead."

Lola gave a tremendous belch.

"I'll lend you ten pesos," I said.

"Thank you, señor," she replied. "You are generous and noble. And, you know, I've just been thinking, and I don't think I'll lend them any money after all. My brother-in-law is very rare. He prefers his maize to his señora's little pigs."

Out on the terrace they were drinking sherry.

"It's a very curious thing," Professor Fountaney was saying. "The Romans of the expansion of the Empire, who were, I think nobody will deny, virile, were anxious that every hair should be plucked from their bodies. Nowadays, however, they tell me there are charlatans who extort money from my male compatriots on vain pretext of promising a growth of hair on the chest. Indeed, hair on the chest is per-

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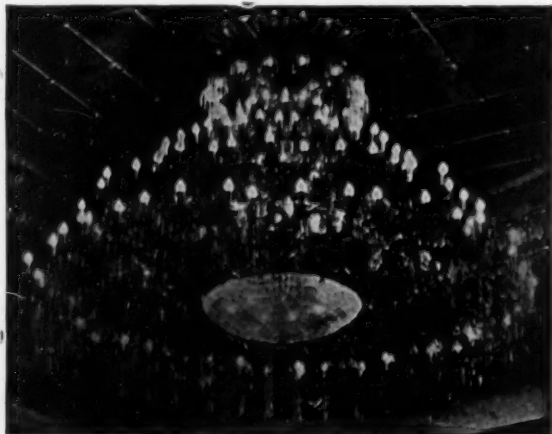
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petually referred to in advertisements, fiction and illustrations—a sort of symbol of sexual potency, which it by no means necessarily indicates—and I have heard that a modern writer, whose name is of no great consequence, made a disagreeable scene in a publisher's office when a critic had accused him—only, indeed, in a purely literary sense—of wearing what I may call a chestwig. What am I to conclude from all this?"

"My dear Professor," said Mme. Palavandova. "I have been married six times, three times to Americans. And I could tell you."

"What?" asked the Professor.

"Your wife..."

"Go right ahead," said Mrs. Fountanney. "American overcompensation, Logan. I am always telling you."

"My wife has become imbued with— But never mind, go on, madame," said her husband.

"I divorced the Frenchman for infidelity, the Italian because he wanted me to bring up his illegitimate children, the Spaniard because he was always catching chills—"

"Chills?" questioned the Professor.

"Yes. Returning across the patio from the maids' bedrooms."

Mrs. Fountanney chuckled.

"And what did you divorce the Americans for?" she asked.

"The alimony, of course," said Mme. Palavandova.

"There, Logan, take care," said Mrs. Fountanney.

Palavandova's visit, more than anything else, served to draw attention to our poor communications. Every day she wanted to send a cable, or had a registered package to collect, or required some object unobtainable anywhere nearer than Chapala, thus necessitating repeated short trips by car or involved negotiations, generally unfruitful, with friendly but unreliable driver of Don César's bus.

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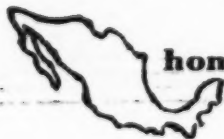
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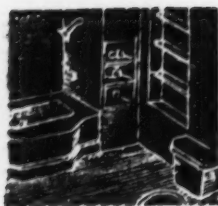
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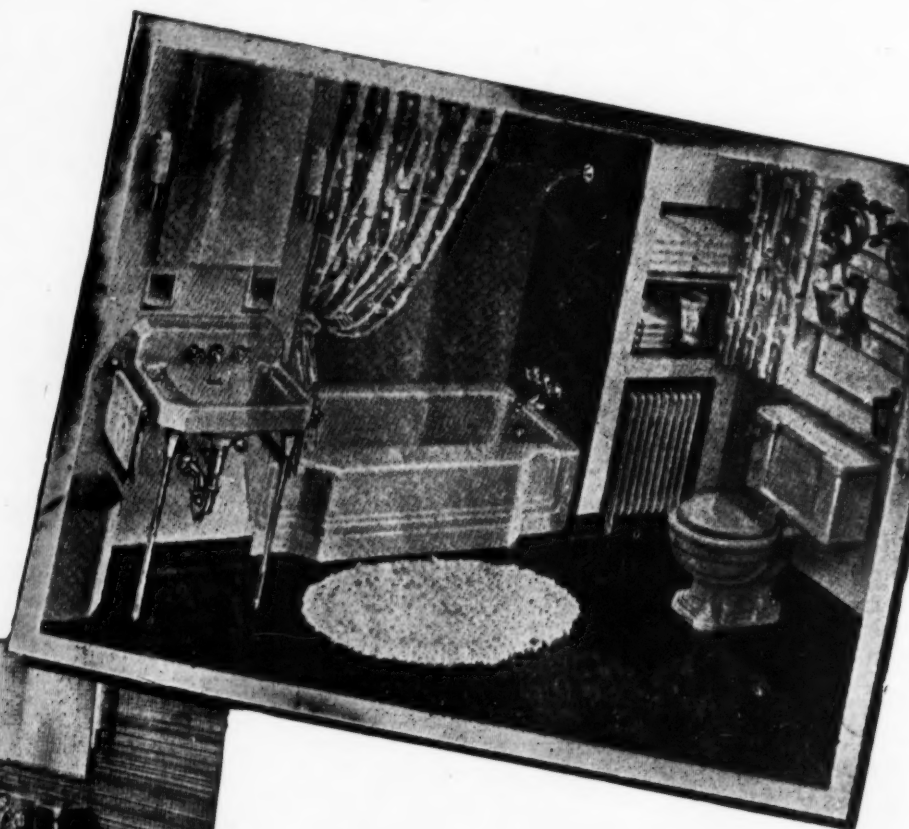
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Then, the day before she left, a dreary-looking telephone box appeared in the post office. It was made of mustard-colored wood and was chipped and stained. It remained there for some days.

"They sent it from Guadalajara, señor," said Joaquín, the postmaster, "from one of the post offices there."

Sometime later a modern French telephone was installed in the box. At first it wasn't quite certain through which end you spoke and through which you listened, but the comisario knew, and he spent several hours every day speaking to Chapala on important business. On Saturdays, furthermore, the instrument was reserved exclusively for him. Then for two weeks no one could telephone because the line was down somewhere near San Antonio, and the head office in Guadalajara was too busy to send and mend it.

When it had been repaired, I went up to the plaza one day to telephone the drugstore in Chapala. Three times I asked for Chapala, and three times they connected me with Jocotepec, at the other end of the lake.

"It appears it wants to go the other way," said Joaquín. "All the calls are going in that direction today. The little bell sings high high each time, and that means it's from Chapala toward Jocotepec. Yesterday it went the other way—all day long the same way, like the buses on a saint's day. It's a pity, pues it wants to go to Jocotepec today. I suppose the drugstore there wouldn't do?"

I said it wouldn't.

In the afternoon I tried again, this time with success. When I had finished speaking, Joaquín said, "And one day of these, señor, they're going to connect us with the main line, and you will be able to speak to anywhere in the republic. That is, anywhere that has a telephone like this. And then you won't have to telephone to Chapala any more."

"Why not?"

Joaquín looked at me amazed.

"Because then, pues, you'll be able to speak to Guadalajara, or even as far as the capital."

Palavandova stayed one hectic week, and for the next fortnight everything ran smoothly. The Professor's stomach remained in order; the servants didn't quarrel; nothing of much value was broken or lost. I had been working very contentedly on a story. It is very agreeable to live thus for a time with people one has invented, manipulating them, or trying to prevent them manipulating themselves in ways one doesn't wish. The story was going very well and was about two thirds done. Then four guests arrived.

They were an American couple and an American of German origin with a Mexican wife. They were



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extremely nice. They had come for a holiday, and they seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves. They entertained constantly. They bathed and chattered and played cards, and the whole house was full of a good-natured jolliness. They didn't seem to care what they paid, and they liked everything. They were as pleasant and easy guests as one could wish. But that was the end of my work. They stayed three weeks, and when I got back to my story, it was a poor and lifeless thing. I had lost the thread. The characters were flat-faced puppets, and nothing I could do would tempt them back to life.

I ought to have been delighted with the way things were going. With the Fountanneys, Fordyce, and Mr. Humpel, the place ran, making a little money and justifying the setup. Extra guests brought good profits, especially short-term guests for a month or less, who paid full prices. That had been a very good three weeks for me. But I wasn't in the least pleased with it. I was lamenting my story.

The Concept of Progress

Continued from page 15

which raise the public welfare and give foundation to human dignity even in the most humble home... We need to construct, produce, industrialize ourselves, to take advantage of our national resources, the great expanse of our wild unexploited territory and wealth of water power."

* * *

Whether Avila Camacho turned to industrialization merely as a political substitute for Cardenas' controversial land program, or really envisioned an industrial Mexico, war conditions helped to stimulate a genuinely vigorous manufacturing development program coupled with intensified production in oldline mining and processing industries. His Minister of Finance, Eduardo Suarez, outlined the official intent in this manner:

"...the Administration proposes to work actively for the industrialization of the Mexican Republic, until this is attained. The State does not want to take the role of enterpriser, but rather to help private enterprise to take charge of transforming the country. The plan is to make ample credit at reduced rates of interest available to business men who wish to assume responsibility for expanding production, and who are also prepared to invest some capital in industries which the State is anxious to see developed. Mexico will manufacture a good portion of the articles which she now imports, in order to reduce, in time, her outlays abroad."

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A major achievement of the Avila Camacho administration was to negotiate resettlement, on a favorable basis, of virtually all of Mexico's external debt. Despite objections from bondholding elements, that action cleared the air for foreign investments to return to Mexico.

The Aleman administration which followed had greatly intensified the Avila Camacho stress on industrialization, perhaps too much so, to the relative neglect of the agricultural base, as will be noted later, a problem now under consideration. In addition, the government has re-emphasized phases of the concept of progress marking other administrations running back to the military revolution. Without anticipating in detail the conclusions of this study, there may be stated here the fundamental aspects of the current Mexican concept of progress as they have developed to date:

1. Material welfare to be promoted and fairly distributed over the population through economic development largely copied from the United States model, but with private enterprise more circumscribed and supplemented by governmental economic direction and public works.

2. Large-scale, integrated industrialization balanced with scientific agricultural development, with expansion of acreage and productivity supplementing mere redistribution of land.

3. Democratic political institutions that attempt to fuse American individualistic democracy with co-operative, group-action and paternalistic state program reflecting Western European socialism.

4. Social and cultural advances which, while deriving techniques and standards both from North American and European experience, strive for a truly Mexican evolution rooted in indigenous foundations.

5. Peaceful international relations, dedicated to Pan Americanism, greatly influenced by the Roosevelt Good Neighbor Policy, and fully in accord with the ideals of the United Nations, with foreign-trade ex-

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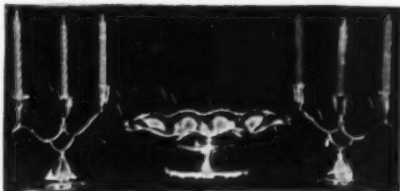
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pansion that can become freer only as Mexico is able to approach economic equality with other nations.

This article has dealt with the development of ideals that have come to formulate the established modern Mexican concept of progress, what the Mexicans want and how they intend to go about getting it. Mexico is still a long way from realizing fully any of the component ideals, and the nation now is undergoing what may prove to be decisive transitional phase of its post-Revolution history. The problems being encountered are serious, complex, and numerous, and their solution in time remains in doubt.

But Mexico is vigorously pursuing its chosen 'way out' from the shackles of retarded political and social development and related participation in the century-old world industrial revolution. The means which it has at its disposal toward those determined ends next into consideration.

Woman from the Hills

Continued from page 12

When the wailing increased and the cabin shook from the force of the gale, Petra opened the door. A sudden gust flung it against her. Stepping outside she braced herself against the cabin wall and scanned the trail for a glimpse of the returning men. She saw no one.

A feeling of something vaguely unfamiliar about her surroundings disturbed her. She looked round. Overhead no sun shone in the dirty-gray, and the leaden sea was hag-ridden by the gale.

"Maria Santissima!" she whispered, her body suddenly rigid with fear. "La Tromba!"

She watched a great spiral of water glide toward the land. Slender and sinuous as a snake, the top wi-

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dened until it merged with the dark sky. She knew without being told that this was a waterspout, a thing of terror told her in fearful tales as a child in her far-off home in the hills.

She felt a tug at her arm. Maclovio stood by her side, pointing toward the sea.

"La Tronba! Holy Mother help us!" she cried. "Let us go to the cellar at once or it will kill us."

Petra stared with fascinated horror at the writhing waterspout.

"Go to the cellar," Maclovio urged. She turned away. "I must help Chata with the children." Her voice rose to a scream. "Hurry, Petra."

Maclovio's sturdy figure emerged from the cabin with a grandchild under each arm, followed by Chata with Alberto in her arms and a small girl clinging to her skirt. Chata did not even glance in Petra's direction, but Maclovio turned and nodded vigorously toward the cellar. Her lips moved, but the words were whisked away by the wind.

A gust forced Petra backward and she staggered against the wall. Sand flicked her cheeks and stung her eyes, blinding them for a moment.

Pain began to rack her body, and she cried out in terror, "Ay de mi! He will not wait!" And Juan was gone, just when she needed him most. She had never felt so alone, so helpless in her life. A long shudder ran through her. "Holy Mother save us," she whispered. "The little one and me."


Petra knew the course of a waterspout was uncertain. It might pass along one side of the valley, or whirl through the small community, leaving destruction in its wake.

Suddenly she realized she could not reach the cellar in time. She glanced round for a shelter. The cabin would be no protection, it was too flimsy. It stood in the lee of several huge boulders. Two were deeply embedded in the ground a few feet apart, and one leaned far over, its upper end resting on top of the other boulders. During the rainy season she had dug the earth from between them, forming a hollow in which she had kept a small supply of dry wood. Fighting her stumbling way to the pile of granite, Petra crawled inside. In her loneliness and fear she gave a dry little sob and rested her throbbing head on her cold hands.

A twinge of pain roused her. She must see what was happening, learn whether the danger had passed. Raising her head, she saw the waterspout fingering the far side of the valley. On and on it swung toward the hills. Hurling itself against the barrier, incredibly it vanished. One instant it was there, the next, ominously, there was nothing.

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Scrambling from the hole, she seated herself in the doorway. Maelovia and the others climbed out of the cellar and stood very still, staring at the place where the water-spout had dissolved. Petra watched. At the foot of the hills a thundering rush of water from the broken column filled the narrow valley and raced toward the sea.

She saw Maelovia snatch two of the children and hurry toward her. When only a few feet away, she screamed, "The water! Mother of God! Run to the mesa, Petra, or you will drown."

Petra rose with clumsy haste. She saw Maelovia scurry along the steep trail leading up the side of the valley. Running, stumbling, scrambling, Chata and the little girl hurried after her, to the mesa.

Petra started to follow. Before she had taken a dozen steps she knew it was too late. Already Chata's house on the level below was surrounded by water. She glanced round, for a means of escape. The cabin! Perhaps if she could reach the roof she would be above the hungry water.

Already the water was eagerly sucking the earth from under her feet, licking at her ankles. Fortunately the first boulder was low and had a rough surface. She scrambled up. With hands that shook, she reached for a small projection on the leaning rock. Clutching the granite, she tried to inch along the incline. Although the cabin was low-roofed, before she could get a handhold she felt herself slipping. Her fingers scraped frantically at the granite, and she slid back to the first boulder. Again she tried, working her way upward. This time she was able to find a handhold, and a moment later she was on the roof.

Clutching the ridgepole with both hands, she worked her feet between the thatch until they rested on a crosspole. Then she drew in a long shaky breath and looked down. The flood was now surging over the lower rock.

The cabin shuddered. Rose. Lurching and twisting, it floated toward the sea with gathering speed. She clung to the ridgepole until the skin over her knuckles was white. Her eyes wide with horror, she watched branches from uprooted trees, like outstretched arms, rise from the water and disappear again. Once for an instant she stared into the eyes of a dead calf, then he was drawn under.

She was beyond the land. Beyond the pounding surf. All round was water. The world was covered with water. A scream tore at her throat as a towering wave bore down on her. When it had passed, she thought, soon I shall be swallowed up by one of those, or torn loose and dragged down like the little dead calf.

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Slowly she began to sink into unconsciousness. Pain wrenched her back. "Holy Mother, save our little one," she whispered again and again.

It seemed to her that even now she could see the dead calf with the white ring of fear around the iris of each eye. For an instant her baby too, would feel the same terror if he should slide into the cold water. She must live. Must reach the land while he was still warm and safe.

The cabin lunged and tossed until Petra's arms ached from the strain of gripping the ridgepole, and her hands grew numb. The taste of salt was bitter in her mouth. Thoroughly soaked by the waves as they raced by, she shivered from cold. But the water was no colder than the fear in her heart, the fear that she would be unable to hold on much longer.

At intervals the pain returned. Pain that racked her body until the dull sky and turbulent dun-colored water changed to a swirling haze of gray and her breath came in gasps.

The cabin lurled forward, lurching savagely. Almost torn from her grasp. A sudden jar and all movement stopped. She heard voices. Juan's voice. His arm was round her. She felt his hands gently pry her fingers loose.

"Chula," he whispered, his face close to hers, his eyes anxious. He took her in his arms. "Mi vida."

Petra thought with a little feeling of surprise, the sea has been good, it has returned us to Juan. She gave a whimpering sigh and relaxed in his arms.

* * *

It was some time before she again took note of her surroundings. The wind had died. She was snug in a cocoon of warm blankets in the lee of a dune. Her baby nestled by her side. Juan sat on the sand close to her, his smile as warming to her spirit as the glow of the campfire.

Juan's father came and she slipped aside an inch or two of blanket so that he could see the face of his grandson.

For a long moment the old fisherman gazed down at the tiny face. When he spoke, his voice was even deeper, more sonorous than usual. "My grandson!" Turning to Petra he smiled. "With such a woman for a mother and my son for a father, he shall be the greatest fisherman of us all."

A warm feeling swept through Petra at his praise and she smiled up at him. "And too, with such a grandfather to guide him," she whispered shyly.

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Maclovio lifted a blackened pot from a bed of coals. Her face shone with pride, and a smile erased some of the tired lines. "He is a grandson to be proud of, that one. Never have I seen such a boy!"

She filled a bowl with the warm bean soup and began to spoon it into Petra's mouth.

"Already he has put to sea," Petra murmured drowsily, "and that is young even for an Espinoza."

Hairdresser

Continued from page 10

legally married so long as she is not a flirt or a prostitute. She must be decent and respectable. It may seem strange, but it is true that the common-law arrangement carries with it, for the duration, a stricter morality than marriage by bell, book, and padre.

Elena calls her current sweetheart "Mi Viejito"—"My Old One." He is forty. "Alas, being no longer young I must choose from among the old cocks." She is thirty-four.

Elena recently had laryngitis. "I am very sick," she whispered. "I cannot talk."

But talk she did, reeling off her jokes with a hoarseness that made them even funnier. For her, to be silent is equivalent to being confined in a strait-jacket.

When she heard we wanted her photograph, she said, "Ah, I will come dressed a la Mexicana. The Americans will want me to be very Mexican, no?"

"It doesn't matter, Elena," I told her. "You are universal."

Elena leaves, and I have an appointment with her for the following week. Day and hour are fixed. But I know better than to expect her on time. Maybe she won't come at all. Maybe I'll never see her again. Elena must make her own living, but she never lets business interfere with pleasure. She is as natural as the Mexican sun, and although it usually shines, you never know...

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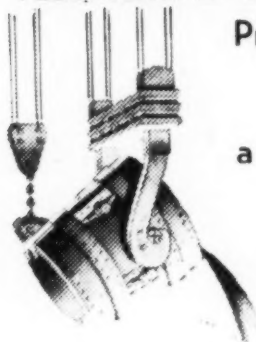


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